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Collier's

NATIONAL WEEKLY

for April 11, 1914

In this Number

*The Opening Installment of a
New Serial*

The Tyranny
of Beauty
By "Jane Bunker"

The
"Easy" Rich
*By
Isaac F.
Marcosson*

Picking
the
Flag Winners
By Billy Evans

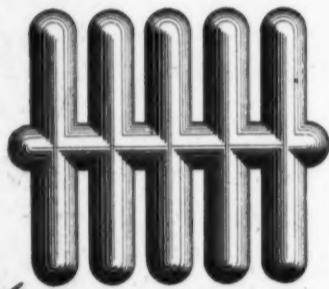


JESSIE WILCOX SMITH.

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32 x 3 $\frac{1}{2}$	16.75	18.10	3.70	36 x 4 $\frac{1}{2}$	35.00	37.10	6.45
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Entered at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Matter

MARK SULLIVAN, EDITOR

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

The Tyranny of Beauty

Chapter I—The Birth of a Career

By "Jane Bunker"

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

I HAD thought of calling this story "The Romance of a Poor but Pushing Girl," or else "The Romance of a Recipe," for it is both. But it is more—it is the romance of capitalizing woman's vanity and selling it to her in a pink jar tied with a purple ribbon and making a fortune; a simple process if you know how, by which my aunt created one of the largest commercial enterprises under the control of a woman in America—a business occupying an entire New York building and employing nearly three hundred men and women. Yet it all originated in an act of kindness that cost a dollar, urged equally by pity and vanity, and with poetic irony my aunt furnished neither the pity nor the dollar—she supplied the vanity, I the pity, my grandmother the kindness and the dollar.

This was how it happened: We lived then on the outskirts of Columbus, Ohio, and the three of us were sitting on the front piazza one afternoon when an old negro woman walked in at the gate. She said she was earning her living selling a face cream—the Zulu's secret cream for the complexion that she made herself, the recipe for which had been taught her by her mother, who had it from hers, and so on back to time immemorial in Africa; that she'd made this cream for her mistresses in the South before the war, and it was what had given them their beautiful skins noted throughout Virginia.

"Why, honey, has yo' evah saw a reelli wrinkled cullud pusson?" she appealed. "All ob us ole ones used to use dishyere cream on us befo' de wah, and de po' yaller trash, dey gits wrinkles now 'cause dey ain't got no money to buy hit. But de ole women of my time, dey ain't wrinkled. Ise mos' a hundred now, I reckon, and yo' see my face how it is! I uses de Zulu's secret cream night and mohnin'—yas'm; and Ise used hit sence I was knee-high to er hop-toad, and you-all can see de skin I got now."

She wasn't much wrinkled—we could see that in proof of her recommendation. She said: "Yo' can eat dishyere cream on yo' bread for buttah, hit's so pure; hit feeds yo' skin same as hit feeds yo' stumack; keeps de skin plump and fat, so hit can't wrinkle if hit wants ter, no more'n a baby's can't wrinkle; hit's too full er fat; hit's how dishyere cream wunks; and if you-all was ter begin using hit now, you-all wouldn't nevah have no wrinkles; so, ladies, ain't it wuf de twenty-five cents a box I charges fer hit?"

My aunt said she was "willing to risk a quarter to try it," and then the old woman came out with the real reason of her visit and all her talk—she had no cream just now because she had no money to buy her materials with, and what she wanted was to sell us the recipe and secret directions for a dollar. "And I needs dat dollar powerful bad to paht wif dishyere secret," said she.

My pity came in here, for she did look so respectable and poor, and I suggested

that we buy the secret to help her along. My aunt stood out for a sight of the paper first, to see if it were worth the money. But the old woman was too shrewd for that. "If you-all can't trus' me to do what's right," she affirmed, "you-all won't trus' de Zulu's cream fer ter wuk on yo' skins like I say hit will, and yo' gotter trus' a secret er hit don't wuk right. I thought you-all was quality folks when I come in de quality always knows who dey can trus'. Why, Ise refused ten dollars fer dishyere secret—yas'm, I has; and I wouldn't paht wif hit fer no money if I had a dollar to buy what's in hit to make more. Excuse me for troubling you-all," and with a look of disappointment, mingled with disdain, that we couldn't trust her and weren't "quality folks," she turned and opened the gate to go.

That moved my grandmother. "Wait, auntie!" she called after her. "Come back! Here, I ain't so poor but I can spare a dollar to help you along to earn an honest living," and she handed out the dollar and received the magic recipe for the Zulu's secret.

This is what it was—evidently copied for the old woman by a lady, for the writing was beautiful and the paper a half sheet of fine note: One pound of lard or tried-out pork fat; four ounces of olive oil; four ounces of water; one-half teaspoonful powdered borax; five cents' worth essence of rose geranium. Melt the fat with the oil. Dissolve the borax in the water and add to the hot fat drop by drop, slowly stirring. Stir till cold and perfectly creamed. Scent to taste while hot.

The old colored woman had taken herself off the instant she received her dollar—perhaps previous experiences had taught her the wisdom of so doing—and she was out of range when my grandmother read the recipe and burst forth indignantly: "Why, it's only hog grease! What a swindle!"

My aunt took the paper and perused it carefully while her mother continued to ridicule the recipe, asking who'd put pork fat on their faces and what good would it do your wrinkles if you did?"

"I don't see why it wouldn't fatten your skin just like she said," defended my aunt. "The hog is the fattest animal in the world, so his fat is the most fattening—everybody know that—no fat so fattening as pork fat; and if it can fatten your stummick, it stands to reason it can fatten your skin; and if it fattens your skin, then your skin can't wrinkle; and that's the way she said it worked. It will work. It's a perfectly good recipe, because

it's got perfectly good things in it—nice clean white lard, olive oil, and pure spring water—who'd want anything better? Of course you can put in any scent you want—you don't have to use what this calls for if you like some other better—violets."

"Perfumed pork fat—the Zulu's cosmetic!" ridiculed my grandmother to me with one of her humorous, sarcastic smiles that made my aunt flare up, contra-



dieting: "It ain't a cosmetic—it's a face food," and the trade name, "Zulu Face Food—Not a Cosmetic," was born.

"Well, if you want to eat it with your eyelids, you're welcome to," retorted her mother, walking into the house to avoid quarreling. She left the paper in my aunt's hand, who pocketed it and subsequently contended that her mother had given it to her then and there, in those words and by that act!

This spat, which set my grandmother against the cream, set my aunt for it, though not altogether to be contrary, for the old colored woman's talk had impressed my aunt and her own arguments were in support of a conviction already formed.

To her mother it was first a swindle, then a hoodoo to blame for what happened next. That night my grandfather had a stroke from which he never recovered, and a week later he was dead. When his affairs were settled our chief assets appeared to be our little house and the recipe for Zulu Face Food—the same being now held doubly tight by my aunt when my grandmother, declaring she'd burn the recipe, wailed: "Oh, why did I let that old swindler and hoodoo into the house? Why did I give her a dollar when we needed the money so bad ourselves?"

WE DID a good deal of hard looking at the world in the next few days, three women alone against it, our one source of income suddenly cut off, and asking ourselves: "What next?" My solution was to rush back to the business college and try to crowd four months' work into one and get a position. I was spending that winter with my grandparents studying stenography, a nineteen-year-old country girl, shy, retiring, inexperienced, deadly in earnest—a goody-goody little person, always striving to do her duty, and I thought the world a modified Sunday school for the practice of Christian virtues. So back I hastened, leaving my aunt still looking around deciding what she would do.

At what moment her eye turned on the magic cream that was to ward off the signs of approaching age and saw it as a commercial possibility for her own livelihood I do not know—she claims she "saw its possibilities the minute the old darky began to talk." All I know is that she waylaid me about a week later as I came home from school, drew me into the kitchen, thrust a saucepan at me filled with something white, and commanded: "Looka that—and temme whatcha think!" Then dipped her finger in it and rubbed it on my cheek. "It's that old woman's face food—ain't it elegant? I made all that potful for ten cents—five for lard and five for scent: the oil was in the house."

"It's only hog grease," commented my grandmother, coming in.

"Smell it," said my aunt, sniffing and holding the saucepan up to my nose, trying to ignore her mother, who spoke louder: "It's only hog grease—the smell don't change it."

"If that old woman can make money selling this, I can too," exulted my aunt. "Now I found out all you can make for ten cents."

THIS drew from my grandmother a sharp "You must be crazy, Maggie, to think that sensible women's going to put pork fat on their faces—pay you money for common lard with a little scent to it."

My aunt turned on her then: "Much you know what women do. They'll put anything on their faces so long as it smells good! That's all they care about it—the scent—and I think I see them bothering their silly heads about what's in a thing. And besides, how are they to know what Zulu Face Food is? This is a secret preparation—that's understood from the start. Lettum find out if they wanna know bad's all that. But they won't—smell and looks is what'll sell it by the pound."

"I can smell the lard," sniffed her mother. "You can't fool me with it and you won't fool them."

My aunt sniffed at it again. "You imagine it. This is a perfectly good preparation—a food and not a cosmetic—and I bet it's better'n a dozen brands on the market this minute. It feeds the skin, and not one of the other preparations says a word about feeding. I tell you those old darkies know a lot the white folks don't—learned in the jungle. You saw her face—not a wrinkle on it, and her 'most a hundred years old, because she used the cream night and morning—"

"You mean she said she did," corrected my grandmother.

"She did!" retorted my aunt—the literature of affirmation was already taking form in her mind. "She wouldn't have said it if she hadn't—she must have used something to be like she was, and her as old as that. Who wouldn't be glad to have a skin like hers if they could buy the food to produce it? Every

woman—you watch—every woman. You only gotta convince her this is the food and she'll buy it."

My aunt flounced off to her room with her saucepan, and my grandmother observed to me: "I think I see myself putting hog fat on my face to feed my wrinkles! Maggie can't change a thing by scenting it up with violets and calling it another name—Zulu Face Food—nor any other food."

BUT it's what she did! And thus Zulu Face Food, the most famous of all beautifiers, was born in a little back kitchen with a saucepan, a wooden spoon, and ten cents' worth of ingredients



*"If that old woman can make money selling this, I can too," exulted my aunt.
"Now I found out all you can make for ten cents."*

working out a recipe sold by a colored woman for a dollar and heralded by the scorn of a passing generation.

My aunt was Irish-Canadian and came of good stock, but she had no education to speak of. She could read, of course, though she was never able to write a letter that passed muster, and she despised education for herself and women generally, though admitting it a good thing "if a girl had no natural ability for anything else." She used to ask me in smiling scorn: "Whatcha expect to get outta all your studying?"

But in affecting to despise my attainments she was plenty keen enough to perceive my possibilities as an asset to her—I could work nights for little money, write her letters on my machine, be her "private secretary," make the cream; and so it happened that being there in the house at the start, I was drawn into a partnership in the beauty business, sharing the responsibility, carrying the whole burden of the manufacturing end, doing at first all the clerical work and bookkeeping, packing boxes, then crates, shipping them, buying all the ingredients, and working day and night with never a fixed time for quitting—a partnership that worked out according to the laws of our natures. I felt unbounded gratitude at her generosity when she announced: "You'll be my partner, Lucy. There's millions in this face food—look what it's done for my complexion already. All you gotta do is make it and sell it. You can make it right here at home, and I'll go out and do the selling."

She knew her woman! I was enchanted at the prospect of work at home, dazzled at the prospect of a partnership with only thousands in it, and thanked her fervently, and, at a salary of two dollars a week, took my first lesson in the alchemy of turning melted pork fat into solid gold.

GOOD facial cream is something like a baby—it must be brought up by hand to get the best results; it needs the human touch. I have seen mechanical mixers for turning out immense quantities of cream at once, but I can always tell their products—something is lacking in the consistency, in the feel on the skin, though I can't say what it is—machine-made creams are different, that's all. Nothing quite takes the place of the long wooden dasher

backed by the watchful eye, and stirring, now a bit faster, now a bit slower, now a little more at the sides to drive the outer layer into the center, and then at the exact right minute the cream is done. The hand on the dasher seems to learn by instinct when that moment arrives and the cream is creamed to perfection; a machine never does. No two lots of cream "make" in precisely the same way. Some come faster than others, perhaps because of atmospheric conditions and temperature. The ingredients are not always alike, though bought from the same manufacturer. So a number of small differences that no machine can take account of may make a great difference in the market product.

The fats, whatever they are, must be melted first, then the boraxed water is dripped in very slowly while you continually stir, breaking the drops into myriads of tiny droplets scattered evenly through the fat—that is, the fat is emulsified with the alkalized water. The borax preserves the cream unless the fats were rancid to start with.

THE real secrets of Zulu Face Food lay in the creaming and the scent, not in the ingredients, and my aunt's first attempt had produced a perfect product. I often wonder what would have been our subsequent history if on that first attempt she had churned the water out instead of in! But she didn't—she was an expert creamer, either by luck or instinct, and she soon taught me the trick, and then I did it all while she went out to sell. Needless to tell the gentle reader, I had much to learn when I accepted a "partnership" on my aunt's terms!

As we presently worked it out, eighty cents' worth of raw material produced filler for one hundred jars of cream, the labor, according to her reckoning, using up the remaining twenty cents of that dollar and making the contents of one jar cost one cent—which it never did. The jars themselves—one-ounce glass with covers—cost two dollars and ninety cents a gross; the gilt embossed labels with her picture in the center, a dollar a thousand, using up the remaining ten cents and bringing the finished article when ready for the trade to an even three cents. It retailed for one dollar.

In the beginning, while she was peddling the cream from house to house, she used common white jars, bought by the dozen at the druggist's; but as soon as she had enough capital she changed the color of the jar to pink, ordered a gross direct from the manufacturer, put the price up to fifty cents, and found the cream sold better. She also tinted the cream with diamond dye to match the jar. A lot of fifty pinks disposed of, she tied the next jars up with purple ribbon and raised the price to a dollar. It sold better than ever. The purple ribbon, costing an infinitesimal fraction of a cent, "carried" the extra half dollar across the footlights, so to speak, as the pink jar had carried the extra quarter.

My grandmother's predictions were refuted, as Zulu Face Food—Not a Cosmetic, in a pink jar with purple ribbon, perfumed pork fat, went with the women; for my aunt had discovered one of the profound truths of the world she'd set out to conquer: it all depends on appearances.

LOOKING back on that day now, I can see that my aunt's career and her success have been one long seeking and finding of pink jars with purple ribbons, and that her genius lay in seeing them where nobody else dreamed of looking for them. But her announcement of her final price—a dollar a jar—precipitated a domestic storm that nearly wrecked her enterprise at the moment it was ceasing to be peddling and becoming a business. My grandmother pronounced it a "clear, sheer robbery."

"Charge a dollar for a cent's worth of perfumed pork fat!" she fairly screamed. "Maggie McNulty, it's clear, sheer robbery, that's what it is, and you brought up to morality and religion in a good home! The face food alone's a wicked swindle, cheating them unsuspecting women, pretending it is what it ain't, and letting them put it on their faces when, if they knew what's in it, they wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole. And then to make them pay a dollar—ninety-nine cents more'n it cost you! What would your father have said if he'd lived to see a child of his engaged in such traffickings with the devil when she could have a good, steady place in a store?"

My aunt was too much taken aback to speak. She had just come in from a round, in high feather, with seven dollars in her pocket and proof of a golden discovery—"that it all depends on looks"—and when she caught her breath she growled: "What's the good of talking to me like that?—and what does it matter to you what the women pay me for making it for them when they can't make it themselves? And they can't—so they gotta pay the one that can—that's all there is to it."

"That don't alter the principle that you're charging

them a dollar for what cost you a cent, and that's robbery—sheer robbery of trusting women when you might be earning honest, steady money in a store," declared her mother mercilessly. "You can't make wrong into right calling a fake a food and putting it in a pink jar with a purple ribbon—that you can't! It's against morality and religion—it's against the teachings of the Bible that you was brought up in by as good a father as ever lived and was enough for him to pattern his life by and die respected. When you first started this I thought you was going to charge a quarter—that was enough in all conscience; but if I'd had the least idea that you was going to come to this—a dollar—robbery, I'd never have given my consent to it, never."

"What's the cost got to do with the price?" snorted my aunt. "If the women want it at a dollar bad—and got the dollar—it's worth the dollar to them; if they don't, they don't buy at all, so you got no grounds to worry about it one way or the other."

FOR half an hour they had it back and forth, my grandmother proclaiming the moral aspects of the case as she saw them, my aunt defending the business principles. One of her arguments was this: "Take a corkscrew—it cost a cent to make—you pay ten for it—you don't call that robbery; and if you couldn't get another corkscrew you wouldn't sell yours for a dollar—and you wouldn't call it robbery if you did sell it for a dollar. Same way with the broom—you wouldn't sell yours for ten dollars if you couldn't get another, and you'd pay ten sooner'n be without one in the house—or the dishpan—or the coffeepot—you know you would be thankful to get them at any price if they only cost half a cent."

Both of them became more and more heated and ended by my grandmother's declaring it was awful, at her time of life, to think that she'd be dragged into a swindling scheme for selling scented pork fat at sixteen dollars a pound, and she'd not be party to it by allowing her respectable home to be used for any more fake foods; and all at once she began to cry.

My aunt looked at me in despair. It was a crucial moment and everything depended on how her mother came out of her cry, for she was one of those women whom crying either softens or sets, and after the last there was no moving her.

PERHAPS it's a moral deficiency that accounts for many things later; but my aunt's argument drew me over to her side and I was ready to use my influence when she called for it. She suddenly dropped her aggressive tone and struck a fresh trail into the morass of tears: "People don't value what they don't pay for—they don't buy what they don't value—that's about all there's to it; and I gotta sell because we gotta live, mamma dear, and this same's the rest of the folks—and I want you to have a few comforts in your old age, mamma dear, and this face food looks to me like it would give them to us if it's worked right."

We detected signs of softening and my aunt signaled me to try to bring her mother round, so I put my arm about her shoulder and soothed: "It won't do any harm to let Aunt Maggie try her way a little longer, grandma—if the women think a dollar's more than it's worth they won't buy it and that will end the cream business without a fuss, and Aunt Maggie can't throw it up to you later that you made her give it up and fall just when she might have made it a great success."

I think that little touch about throwing it up later turned the tide, and though she never in so many words consented, her silence put her in a position that made her first permit, then assist in the manufacture of the cream when it was finally on the market.

I noticed then, and saw it many times later in the coming years, how when another nature clashed with my aunt's, sparks of thought flew off that became

names, catch phrases, attitudes, policies; so in telling this story I feel I must say a good deal about the beginnings to make it clear that it was, after all, no fairy tale, but the logical development of lucky insights into why women buy, and policies, often suddenly conceived but subsequently adhered to with unshaken faith, bearing their just reward. These episodes, seemingly so small and unimportant at the time, gave direction to the current and saved a great amount of effort and loss of time that might otherwise have been spent in experimenting; for once she proved her theory by her facts—or thought she did—my aunt stuck to the method that had given the results and simply expanded and reappalled it.

in making cream, which up to this time I'd not been asked for. She had seen her opportunity in an advertisement in the morning paper—a white sale at the largest department store in our part of town—a sorry little place judged by standards we came to know later, but very complete and impressive to us in those days. "Just the time for me—the crowd will be in," she had said to herself, and posted off to the proprietor to demand space for the day.

He had been an old friend of her father's and didn't like to refuse; at the same time he saw trade he was bringing for himself drained off by a distraction he reaped no profit from, and he told her so as delicately as he could and suggested he'd be glad to favor her—in a dull season.

"Then it wouldn't do you half the good," she announced cheerily. "I'm a woman, and I know women. Now you're going to get the crowd here Sat'day and they're all coming to look, but they ain't all coming to buy—there'll be a lot will give a look and then walk out. Whatcha gotta do is keep them right in the store till they do buy—and that's what I propose to do for you—I'll give them a chance to rest their feet with their faces. Then they'll walk back and looka your goods again and see something they forgot. I'll put them in a good humor with my lecture on beauty, and they'll buy last if they didn't buy first."

HER argument impressed him. He considered; then consented.

What a "demonstration" was I hadn't an idea. "Why, looka here, Lucy," she explained, seeing my doubtful expression—I was wondering how she dared talk to more than one woman at a time—"I been figuring it out, and I see it won't cost me any more work and brains and ability to 'dope' a hundred women at once than it costs me now to get in at the front door and out again with a dollar. I can do it, even if I don't know how—I'll find out how soon's I look into their faces."

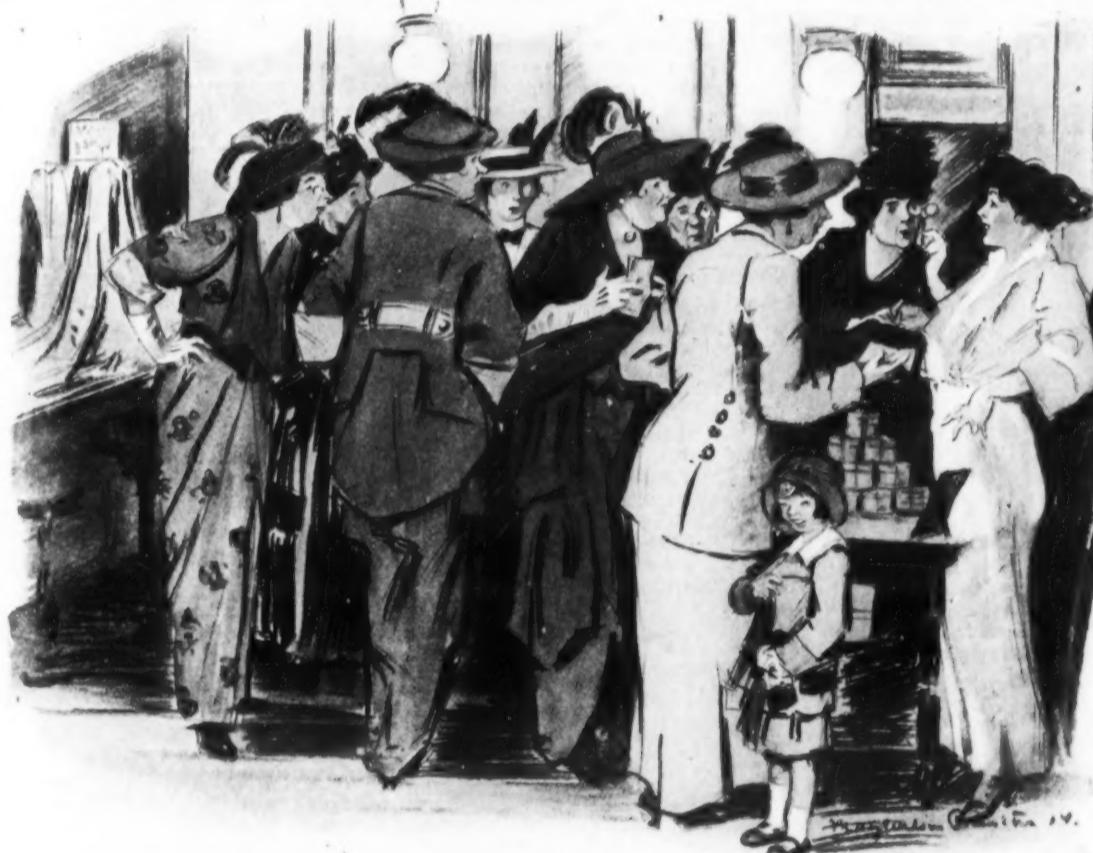
And she found out how—in about an hour. I have heard business men say since that she was one of the finest demonstrators the country ever produced—a genius in her way. Her way was to get the dollars then and there. "I'm there to sell goods, not show them," she used to declare. "Selling goods is how you demonstrate the sales power to the proprietor and make him put other preparations outa stock."

THE time was to come when she could show a proprietor the box-office receipts of a three- to six-day demonstration and tell him: "But I won't let you carry Zulu at all unless you put all other creams outa stock and carry only mine. It sells."

But that first demonstration—I trembled. In a mad rush we got ready a gross of Zulu—all but four jars we broke washing—with only Thursday night and Friday to do it in; and, let me tell you, it

meant not only work but time in those days, for my aunt was so assured by then of some almost occult quality in that recipe she would not depart from it by so much as doubling the quantities, and as one pound of lard with the added oil and water yielded only twenty-four ounces, or twenty-two jars of cream (that was before the days of scanting when twenty-four ounces yielded twenty-five one-ounce jars), we had to manufacture seven times to get enough for the jars and the demonstration. She put some in a celery glass and served it out to the women with a plated butter knife.

But if my aunt trembled, it was with the excitement of the coming fray. She spent her last cent on a pink silk waist to match the jar, and, worn with a freshly starched and ironed white pique skirt, she seemed to my young eyes truly elegant. In repose she was not a pretty girl, but the moment she became animated her eyes flashed—blue eyes with black lashes and black hair setting them off—and her smile showed a row of white teeth flanked each side with a dimple in her cheeks. Nature had given her a priceless endowment and an Irish complexion (Continued on page 22)



"Ladies, looka what it's done for me in two months!" She was now exquisitely colored by her excitement. "For one dollar you can have the same—ain't it worth it?—a jar of face food."

day, could evolve it out of native wit. She has been imitated since by a school of "efficiency" advertisement writers, and it all sprang into her mind from the quarrel that nearly wrecked us at the start.

BUT on that memorable day she was defending something vastly more important than a principle of price marking—she was fighting for the very existence of the business: she was about to make her plunge into "store trade" for her homemade preparation. With the secretiveness that was even then beginning to show in her character (under the influence of Zulu and the habit of springing her moves too late for her mother's opposition) she had refrained from mentioning her first coup—the move that took us off the peddler's level and made us manufacturers and jobbers: she was about to give her first demonstration in a department store!

She whispered the secret to me upstairs later by way of explaining her despair "when mamma broke loose and undertook to slug me with the Bible to keep me outa legitimate business"; she wanted my help

Picking the Flag Winners

AFTER the most thrilling winter-league campaign ever known there are now three vital questions uppermost in the mind of every baseball fan at large. These three questions might well be summed up as follows:

1. Can the Athletics repeat?
2. Will McGraw and his Giants be able to set a modern record and win their fourth straight pennant?
3. How wide a swath will the Federal League cut by next October?

Whether the new league succeeds or not, there is no denying the fact that it has cut into the two pennant races under big-league control and has made the task that confronts John J. McGraw and Connie Mack much less difficult. In their scramble for players the Feds, evidently by agreement, have left the Giants and Athletics intact. Not a regular was lifted from either club, and so both will go to battle this April fully as strong as they were a year ago. Leaving these two clubs practically alone, their policy was to raid the next strongest clubs in both leagues, make a runaway race inevitable, and so destroy the interest which comes from nip-and-tuck battles for the flag.

So, figuring that Washington and Cleveland in the American and Philadelphia and Pittsburgh in the National had the best chance to make a flag fight of it, the Feds trained their financial batteries upon these four clubs and drove all four well below their 1913 form.

Enough good men were lifted to almost wreck one club and seriously affect the other three, unless baseball luck, of which there is a lot, comes to the rescue.

It is the hope of the new organization that a runaway race will early result, which, of course, will cause enthusiasm to wane quickly. In direct contrast, the Federal League hopes to have a very close and exciting campaign. It was planned to bring about such a condition by a pooling of players, which will tend to equalize the strength of the eight clubs. Time alone will determine the success or failure of this scheme. There must be a pennant winner and a tailender in every league, no matter how evenly matched the clubs may be.

The Call of Coin

THE backers of the Federal League insist they have an unlimited supply of money. I am faint to believe they will burn up quite a little of it before the season is over. There is not the field for a new league at present that was open to the American when it locked horns with the National and came out on top. Few people conceded the American a chance at the time, but it achieved a glorious victory. There are a lot of people who feel just the same way about the Feds. Perhaps the new organization will spring as big a surprise as the American did more than a decade ago.

It must always be remembered in dicing out the chances of the new league that it has no B. B. Johnson to blaze the way.

It required a big man to guide safely the destinies of the American.

NATIONAL

can League when it entered the field of baseball. President B. B. Johnson proved to be such a man.

Progressive conditions, more than any other one feature, have conspired to make the task of the Federal League a difficult one. When the American League opened hostilities with the National, ordinary wooden stands were considered quite up to date. Now the fan is thoroughly educated to concrete fire-proof structures. It will take brilliant baseball to get him to view it from the old-style stands. If the Federal League had been successful in signing such stars as Lajoie, Wagner, Cobb, Mathewson, Speaker, Daubert, Johnson, Jackson, Alexander, Milan, Archer, Crawford, or other celebrities of that class, it would be almost safe to prophesy success. Unfortunately for the new organization, it has been able to get few players of such caliber.

There is also another feature that is sure seriously to hamper the Feds in their fight for success and recognition. It is the salary question. When the American League came into the field to buck the National, salaries were small in comparison to amounts now being paid. Stars in those days were



By **Billy Evans**

Umpire in the American League

receiving about the same salary now paid the ordinary player. An offer of \$4,000 then looked to be a big figure. No longer is such an amount tempting to the average player. The new organization has been compelled to talk in even larger figures to players several degrees removed from stardom. This is a feature that is sure to play havoc with the chances of the Feds to battle organized baseball. The Federal League, I am told, is paying a certain pitcher a salary of \$7,000 a year to get him away from organized baseball. Two years ago every major-league club waived on this player, believing him to be of no value. He was then sent to a minor-league club, where he received a salary of \$2,100. I know that for a positive fact. The Federal League has surely been a profitable uprising for this player. Aroused by the activities of the new organization in its efforts to get star players to jump, a number of club owners granted big increases as an inducement for players to sign.

A Broadside at Cleveland

LOOKING at the American League situation, the Feds decided to cripple Cleveland and Washington as much as possible in order to end all pennant competition in that circuit. Their first attack was a raid on Cleveland, which lifted Falkenberg, Kahler, and Blanding, three of the Naps' star pitchers. This raid seemed to have bumped Cleveland off the map, but Kahler and Blanding finally jumped back, leaving only Falkenberg outside the breastworks. But the blow was still a rugged one, as the tall pitcher was the most successful on the club last year. If it was positively certain that Falkenberg would repeat this season and have another good year, the Cleveland club would be a big loser. But

last year was his first big season and he has been an uncertain quantity. In any event, however, his loss isn't going to help the Nap cause.

Having penetrated the Cleveland defense and carried away Falkenberg, the Feds then went after Washington.

They got Bob Groom, the only veteran on the staff aside from Walter Johnson. Just what effect the loss of Groom will have upon Griffith's chances depends largely upon the Old Fox's ability at developing some one for his place. In 1912 Groom had the greatest season of his career. He pitched phenomenal ball, the brand he is capable of showing, although he has a tendency to be erratic. He was the main aid to Johnson in 1912 when Washington started all fandom by swinging out from seventh place into second. If Groom had only done as well last season, Washington would have had a fine chance of beating the Mackmen out, with Johnson going brilliantly and Joe Boehling pitching wonderful ball. But Groom had a very ordinary year and his slump put his club out of it.

In the National

WHAT the Feds did to the American League was nothing compared to what they handed the National, from which circuit they carried away just twice



as many players. They figured that Philadelphia and Pittsburgh were the two clubs in position to give the Giants an even battle, so they wrecked one and crippled the other.

They practically sent the Phillies to the second division from a chance to finish first. From back of the bat they first took Killifer, who jumped back after a short stay in the enemy's camp. From the box they took Tom Seaton, a star, and Ad Brennan, a dependable southpaw. These two men won forty-one games for the Phillies last season, so it can be easily seen what a rough blow was struck here. But the Feds

never stopped at this point. They took Otto Knabe from second base, and after the world tourists had landed they persuaded Mike Doolan, the club's shortstop, to jump. So the heart of the infield was torn out.

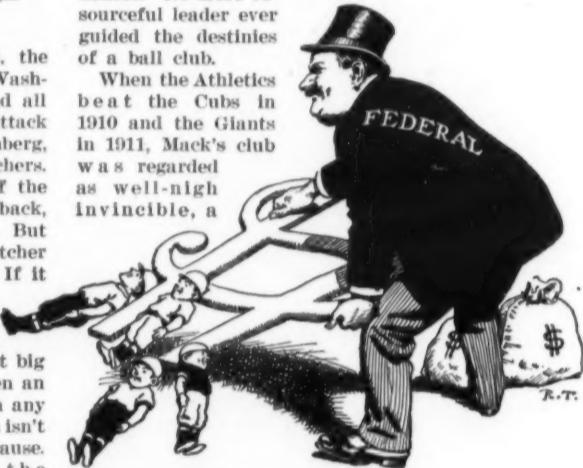
Having wrecked the Phillies, the new league dashed into the Pirate lair, where they captured Hendrix and Simon, a crack pitcher and a good, steady catcher. The loss of these two will more than offset the presence of the St. Louis stars. For while the Pirates get Konetchy, Mowrey, and Harmon over last year's last line-up, from this same line-up they lose Hendrix and Simon to the Feds and Miller, Wilson, Robinson, and Butler to the Cardinals—six valuable men.

Flag Chances

HAVING outlined in part just what the Feds have done to the pennant contenders in the two big leagues, we now come to a discussion of the teams' flag chances.

Connie Mack is a name to conjure with when speaking of pennants. It is a very unusual year when the Philadelphia club is not in the running for leading honors. No more resourceful leader ever guided the destinies of a ball club.

When the Athletics beat the Cubs in 1910 and the Giants in 1911, Mack's club was regarded as well-nigh invincible, a



club that would be dangerous for years, because of the extreme youth of most of the players. In summing up the chances of the American League teams for 1912, the Athletics were made an overwhelming favorite. Critics picked Mack's team to win in a walk. The race of 1912 is now a matter of history. It was a bitter disappointment from the viewpoint of the Athletics. No team ever showed a greater reversal of form.

Long before the close of the season hundreds of reasons were given for the team's failure to win. Manager Mack was about the only person who didn't have an excuse to offer. He kept his silence until near the close of the season, until the time arrived when it was absolutely certain that his club was out of the running. Then he came out of his shell and gave out an interview something after this style:

Too Much Prosperity

"TOO much prosperity is what killed the chance of my team. It is very kind of the critics to say that injuries, illness, and other things too numerous to mention put my club out of the race. All of them, of course, contributed to the poor showing of the Athletics. But, getting down to real facts, the cause of the club's failure to repeat was too much prosperity. The large amount of money received from the two world's series in which the team had taken part was too much of a good thing for some of the boys. There was a desire on the part of some to pay more attention to spending money than to winning ball games. The player who didn't have an automobile was a piker. An automobile (Continued on page 28)

The "Easy" Rich

By Isaac F. Marcosson

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR



WHEN I want to sell a gold brick I go down to Wall Street. I do not hunt out an unsuspecting farmer." Such was the remark once made by "Glass-eyed" Charley Henderson, a notorious confidence man of his day.

"Why Wall Street?" asked his companion.

"Because it is the most gullible place in the world," was the reply. "When you bungle a rich man he never says a word about it. Trim a farmer and he makes enough noise to rouse the whole county, and the chances are that he will chase you across the State."

Of course "Glass-eyed" Charley meant the "gold brick" in its largest sense, ranging from a fake mine to a modern antique. He was telling the truth about a little-known phase of Wall Street, strange as it may sound to the average man who regards that gilded domain as the most sophisticated of all places.

As a matter of fact, it is the very cradle of credulity—the pasture where the shears are turned upon the traditional fleecers. The resource that has marshaled many-millioned manipulations: the courage that has led the legions of trade; even the genius of organization that has created whole epochs of industry, have all fallen before the easiest of money-making lures.

This capitalization of the weakness of the rich—it may be vanity, caprice, whim, or hobby—presents a chapter of human experience that is not without its significance for everybody.

By these rich men I do not mean that shining galaxy of multimillionaires that you have been reading about in articles on "Gilded Thrift and Simplicity." Save in curios and pictures, where the best judgment sometimes fails, the canny foresight that reared the Rockefeller, Carnegie, Stillman, Frick, and kindred fortunes does not usually succumb to such wiles.

I refer to the average rich man of Wall Street and its expanding environs, whether he be successful broker or head or power in financial institution. Yet this amazing surrender to the adventurer in business or in art has no geographical section, for it is the same the country over. Cupidity, and the price it pays, are universal, like human nature.

Why the Wall Street Man Falls

LET us take up the so-called Wall Street man first. Clearly to understand why he falls for the buccaneer with an ease that is almost beyond belief you must realize that he is controlled by two strong influences that contribute largely to this fall.

First, he is perhaps the most credulous of intelligent persons; second, a man interested or allied with the shifting hazards of the stock market must keep on playing some sort of game. It is wine to his blood; the very tonic of life.

Take this quality of credulity, queer strain in the make-up of men whose daily work demands keenness of mind and swiftness of action, and find its cause. It is in the air they breathe.

Long experience has shown that anybody can make Wall Street believe anything. It is the home of the silly rumor; favorite stamping ground of the senseless and unfounded report. The wonder all these years has been that men who in a definite financial operation would resort to the most stringent investigation not only accept rumors as gospel truth but rush to act on them without the slightest inquiry.

If a broker, for instance, casually mentioned that

One approaches a rich man who likes to be called a "book lover" and says: "I know where you can make some money quick or add to your collection." Naturally both these appeals go straight home

he heard that the President of the United States had gone insane or that the Supreme Court had been corrupted or that Mr. Baker and Mr. Schiff had fought on the corner of Broad and Wall Streets, it would be taken up at once as a definite fact by a score of other brokers and before you knew it the news, as an actual happening, would be traveling like wildfire, sizzling up and down the tapes, and the chances are that prices would be affected. No one would stop to make sober investigation as to the truth of the wildest of gossip.

The skillful manipulator of the type of the late James R. Keene, whose business was to make and unmake markets, found the rumor a very useful asset. He enlisted tongue and press to gain his ends. All that he had to do was to set a report in motion; the habit of the Street did the rest. Thus you see why the Wall Street man is credulous.

Craving for Excitement

NOR does he seem to escape the speculative desire. Men who have been playing with Fortune from ten o'clock until three find it difficult to stop short when the gong sounds. Hazard beckons to them with alluring promise. It may be art or cards or anything that looks like a gamble. Hence they keep on. Being credulous and willing to take a chance, they are likely to fall for the first proposition that comes along.

I can illustrate this with an episode that, if it served no other end, would contribute to the whole literature of gullibility a classic epigram. It concerns a young Wall Street broker, now dead, who was a millionaire by inheritance and a spendthrift by instinct. He could never stop playing some kind of game. His craving for excitement was too strong to permit him to be idle on a vacation. This made him an easy victim for the professional card sharp.

Once he was playing pinochle for \$500 a game with a well-known New York gambler at the old Grand Union Hotel at Saratoga. The professional had given him 400 points at the start of every game.

During a lull when the broker had been called to the telephone a broker friend of the gambler came up and inquired about the game. When he heard of the tremendous odds that the gambler had given he said:

"Great Scott, you can't win against such odds!"

The old gambler smiled indulgently and replied:

"It makes no difference what odds you give a sucker."

Before the night ended he had stripped the young millionaire of all the cash he had and all he could scrape up on the premises.

In a similar vein is the old story of a well-known Wall Street broker who went West for rest and a change of scene. He stopped over at Denver for a few days. A friend who heard that he was

in town started out to find him and finally located him at a faro bank.

"Good Heavens, man!" he said, "come out of here. Don't you know that this game is crooked?"

"Yes," answered the New Yorker, "but it is the only game in town!"

Now you begin to understand why "Glass-eyed" Charley said that Wall Street was the most gullible place in the world. With credulity and a speculative instinct to work on, the vendor of the more or less dubious project has easy sailing. Let us now see what the game is and how it is worked. Behind it is a lesson in one kind of merchandising.

The Barometer of the Buccaneer

THE reason for this lesson lies in the fact that the promoters of such enterprises carefully plan their campaigns and choose the psychological moment to descend upon Wall Street. They study the tape, which thus becomes the barometer of the buccaneer. When they see that a big bull market is in progress (of late they have not had much exercise in this direction) they know that the time has come to unload.

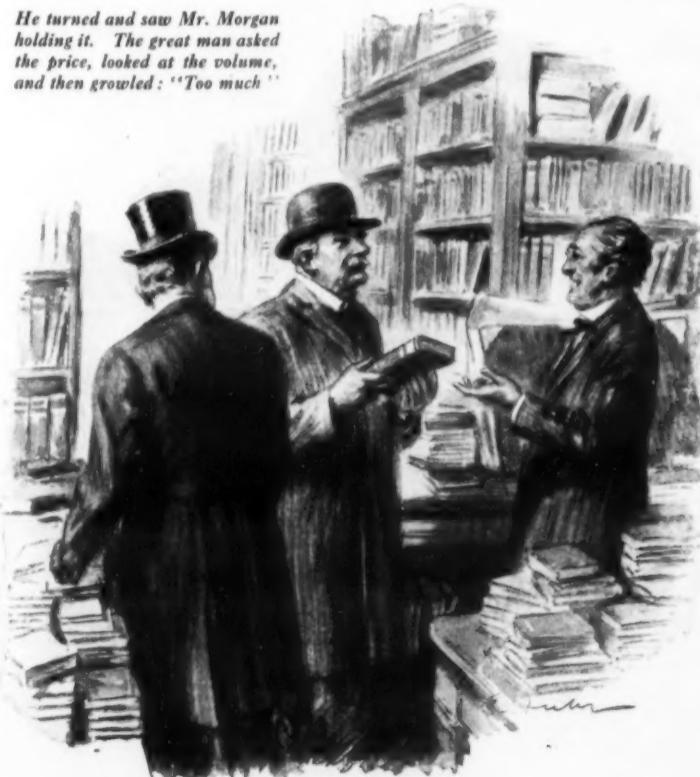
Why? Because, like expert salesmen, they know human nature; they know that at such flush times the broker or the financier or the allied business man is feeling opulent; that he is in the mood of ready money and the dealers seize this mood when it is at the high tide of expansion.

So they come with their glittering schemes or with their exquisite vases; their brilliant-hued rugs; their mysterious-looking bronzes, or their wonderfully bound books. They capitalize the plethoric mood and get two or three prices for their stuff. The eye of speculation, blinded for the moment to a true perspective of value, can see nothing but objects to be desired and therefore to be bought. It matters not if the antique has been hammered out in Hoboken; if the rug has been woven in Harlem or the book taken off the shelf of a Fifth Avenue auction room. The dealer has said that it was not only good, but a good gamble as well; and that, in most cases, was ample.

As you may readily imagine, there is more imposition on the rich in the realm of art than in almost any other direction. Much has been written about this phase, but, like some other graft, it is never too familiar to fail to convey a moral.

Naturally there are two kinds of art buyers among the rich. Big collectors like the late B. Altman, H. C. Frick, and P. A. B. Widener are seldom imposed on. The reason is that they practice in picture buying the rules they laid down in their own business. They not only investigate carefully but seek ex-

He turned and saw Mr. Morgan holding it. The great man asked the price, looked at the volume, and then growled: "Too much."



pert advice. This is why they are rich and why they remain rich.

In his earlier collecting days the late J. P. Morgan made many mistakes; he bought the spurious and the restored. But he was usually frank about admitting his error, and you may be sure he was never caught twice in the same way. With his marvelous genius for assimilation he soon became something of an expert judge himself. That he did not always take his purchases seriously was once attested by the following cablegram he sent from London to his librarian, a brilliant and clever girl who bought most of his books and manuscripts: "Have bought —— manuscripts. I like them. Hope you won't put them in the cellar."

The rich who bite most easily at the fake picture game are those who pride themselves on their knowledge of art. Their vanity becomes a very costly thing. Dealers know this weakness and play it for all it is worth. More than once they have taken a rich man to their show room, got him in the little red-walled sanctuary that is supposed to be reserved for the artistically anointed, and shown him a spurious Corot (William M. Chase says there are not less than 20,000 in this country), with this speech:

"Here is a Corot that I have been saving especially for you. Realizing your knowledge of art and your fine discrimination, I am sure you will at once appreciate its full value."

Naturally, the rich man falls. To be credited with art discrimination is a great compliment. If he had been buying an issue of bonds he would have made the most rigid investigation. He would have sent out engineers to inspect the property, and he would have had lawyers comb over the franchises and papers. But instead of seeking expert counsel he blandly takes something he knows nothing about and will not be advised about. For the pure emotion of being able to show off his pictures with the statement, "I selected these myself," he is willing to pay a big price.

The Ruling Passion

MANY Wall Street men buy pictures as part of a speculative game. They want to go into art and yet they cannot get away from the ruling passion. They have an ambition to discover a new artist, hoping that he will develop into another Wyant or Fuller. So they buy a lot of junk and stow it away just as they put away their securities in a safety vault box.

An incident will illustrate. A wealthy broker, who was also an amateur in art, heard that there was a mysterious young artist working in a shack over on Long Island. He drove over in his motor, found the artist at home, and began to ask him about his work. The walls were hung with finished and half-finished canvases. They were all pretty bad.

Of course the broker knew nothing about art and he did not want to take anyone with him who did know. There was the old vanity again. He began to ask the prices of the pictures. The artist said they ranged from \$20 to \$75. Making a grand sweep of the hand, the broker said:

"I'll give you \$2,000 for the lot."

The young artist, who had not seen a \$20 bill in months, nearly dropped dead at the proposition. He gleefully accepted; the broker sent for the pictures and stored them away. That was seven years ago. To-day that artist is painting signs when he can get a job and the broker is out exactly \$2,000.

The lure of big prices has been the undoing of many rich men. It is just their vanity working in a new direction. A story is told of one of the richest bankers in Wall Street which shows how this works. A few years ago he was offered a certain old picture for \$20,000. With great indignation he said:

"That's too little. No picture of that type would bring such a price."

Yet last year he paid \$45,000 for the same picture, and the joke is that he did not know that it was the identical canvas which he had rejected before.

E. H. Harriman Stung

EVEN so astute a speculator as the late E. H. Harriman was once badly stung on a picture deal. He liked the picture and paid an excessive price. Frankly speaking of the matter, he said:

"I'll leave picture buying to some one who knows pictures. I'll stick to railroads."

The rich, however, are not always to blame for being trimmed in the art business, as this very illuminating chapter from actual experience will attest. It was during a certain vogue in reliquaries. Two well-known art dealers entered into a picturesque conspiracy to unload a lot of their stuff

on the unsuspecting plutocrats. These men were bitter rivals and were constantly denouncing each other. So they framed up an agreement between themselves by which they were to take turns in submitting objects of art to certain millionaires. If the victim protested about the price they were to refer to each other as judges. Here is an example of the way their scheme was developed. We will call the dealers A and B.

Clever Tricksters

A TOOK a beautiful enamel to the home of Mr. X. He admired the piece, but protested at the price.

"Of course if you don't take my word," said A, "you can ask another expert."

"But whom shall I ask?" queried the banker.

"Of course he is my deadly enemy and hated rival, but the one man in this country, after myself, who could appraise this is B," retorts A.

The banker pricks up his ears. He has heard about the bitter warfare between these dealers, so he asks A to leave the piece. Then he sends for B, who immediately confirms everything that A has said and, more than that, says he is willing to buy



"Here is a Corot that I have been saving especially for you. Realizing your knowledge of art and your fine discrimination, I am sure you will at once appreciate its full value."

it himself. This is all the banker needs, so he pays the price, which, in many cases, is very excessive. In the same way B worked his customers by suggesting that A be called in. By means of this plan these two dealers (who incidentally continued their hostility in public) cleaned out a whole stock of goods and made a tremendous profit. It is interesting to add that one of the best known and most famous of the multimillionaire collectors fell a victim of this clever and highly original piece of team work.

When the average Wall Street man is flimflammed in a picture game he does not lose any sleep. It is just a matter of bookkeeping and he charges it off to profit and loss, a tribute to the excess of flush times. With many of these men—those especially in the speculative game—it is a case of "feast or famine."

Easy Money in Books

FULL twin to the picture, in its easy lure of the average rich man or woman, is the book. Costly experience—much of which has been aired in the courts—shows that there is apparently no end to this kind of graft.

As in pictures, there are two kinds of book buying. Men who are interested in and who love first editions usually know something about the art, and, besides, there is a sort of standard market for the desirable pieces. When collectors like Hoe and Widener were in doubt they got experts to help them. Mr. Morgan had a trained librarian to do his buying. He paid such enormous prices that practically the pick of the whole book world was his before it was put into catalogues.

The golden harvest and the easiest money in books have to do with editions de luxe, the kind usually bought for ornamental purposes. Here the appeal is often made to vanity, and it is almost invariably successful.

The familiar scheme is as ancient as the gold-brick or the "badger" game, yet it still thrives. For its fullest and most artistic exploitation it requires two men. One approaches a rich man who likes to be called a "book lover" and says:

"I know where you can make some money quick or add to your collection."

Naturally both of these appeals go straight home. Then he produces a garish book, ordinary Number One of a "Limited Edition" of a standard set, and continues:

"I can get this set for \$1,500—the owner is hard up—and if you don't want to keep it, we can sell it in a short time for \$3,000. I know a man out in St. Louis who is just itching to get this edition."

Usually the man falls right away. But if he should use the most elemental precaution he will ask:

"Who is the buyer?" It never occurs to him to inquire about the seller.

The shark is prepared because he replies:

"It's Blank Jones of St. Louis. You certainly know his books. He bought that first Walton at the Hoe sale. I am sure he has heard all about your collection. You can wire him if you like."

Of course the rich man is flattered to be put into the charmed circle of collectors. The chances are that he will send a telegram, but it goes to the agent's confederate, who replies that he will be glad to buy the books in thirty days, and he sends a check for \$100 to bind the sale. It looks very plausible, and in nine cases out of ten the rich man buys the set for \$1,500, and all he gets is the \$100 that the ally has sent to bind the "sale." Both men disappear. The rich man, who has pride as well as vanity, never tells anybody about the way he was bungoed, and the agents can go on and work some other person.

Zest of Rivalry

QUITE unconsciously the late Mr. Morgan was responsible for much grafting in books. As soon as he went to Europe unscrupulous agents would work off sets of books on single copies to near-collectors with the bait:

"I happen to know that Mr. Morgan is very anxious to get this book and he will make a good offer at a handsome profit when he comes back." Mr. Morgan never heard of the book and wouldn't offer the most nominal price for it.

The element of speculation does not always enter into book buying by Wall Street men, strange as it may seem. They will buy on impulse as well as on vanity.

A well-known broker went to a business friend, who was a bibliophile, during the famous Hoe sale and said:

"I'd like to buy some of those books that I have been reading about."

"All right," was the reply: "I am going up to-day to buy and you can come along."

During the sale a very beautiful volume was offered. The younger man told the broker that he ought to have this book and was told to bid. He started at \$6,000. An agent of Mr. Morgan sent the price up to \$11,000, when the bibliophile broker dropped out, saying that it was all the volume was worth. But the older broker insisted that he should keep on bidding. His friend refused and the lot went to Mr. Morgan. As they were leaving the sale the bidder asked his companion why he wanted to have the book at the excessive price, whereupon he received this illuminating reply: "Simply because I saw that some other person wanted it."

Here you see one reason why some rich people pay big prices for things they do not want.

In this connection it might be worth while repeating the real origin of one of the most famous of all anecdotes of book buying by the rich. It is a matter of record on the books of a large New York publishing house (now located on Fourth Avenue), which is also a dealer in rare editions and fine bindings.

A broker went to a friend, who was also on the Stock Exchange, and said:

"I want you to buy me some books. You know all about them."

"All right," was the reply. "What do you want?"

"Forty-two feet of red and green. My library has red rugs and a green wall and I want the books to be right."

The order was so entered on the books of the aforementioned publishing house and the library was supplied. It is safe to say that the sanctity of its shelves has never been invaded by alien hand or reading eye.

Book Collecting

THAT even the most astute book buyers among the rich may pay abnormally high prices is shown by this incident: A member of the New York Stock Exchange, who is a noted book collector, heard that a certain copy of the first edition of Walton's "Compleat Angler" was (Continued on page 32)

The Shepherd Man

A Story for the Eastertide

By Bernice Bicknell

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR E. BECHER



"M ARIA, take this while I put up the horse." Father handed me a bundle. The minute I touched its fuzzy wool I knew it was a lamb barely two days old. The candle-light showed its tightly curled head. It nosed at my hand. The dear, sweet thing! I kissed it.

There are four of us children. None of us had a pet. I am fourteen.

Mother is dreaming of angels, for she's so like one herself—pale and golden-haired. (I'll never be an angel, I don't believe. I have black hair—unless God would use hair dye. I don't suppose God would think that was right.)

Father's hair is gray where it isn't black.

Bertha is twelve and has blue eyes. I guess mine have turned dark looking at pots hanging in the fireplace.

Jim is ten. One word he can't say plain is sugar, but he can eat it terrible when Mr. Hodkins pays father that way.

Father gives away his goods—religion.

Sadie is seven. She is going to be the wit of the family.

That's all! (Us I mean.) U. S. means United States. It also means United Smiths.

My father's name is Samuel and my mother's name is Mary—well, it's something to live up to. I wish my name had been Venus or something high. I was named for a saintly aunt. She's living.

Maybe it's selfish, but I'm going to name the lamb myself: Susannah Wesley—how will that do?

Then, as the lamb cuddled and snuggled up, I wasn't as sorry for the creature's mamma as I ought to have been.

Father came in.

"How's mother?"

"Sleeping."

"The lamb?"

I pointed to the fireplace.

"Don't forget to give it some milk in the morning. It can be yours."

"Goody! I'm a really truly matron now."

"What?"

"Matron of an orphan asylum."

How he smiled! If I could make him smile wider! He used to call me the little Apostle of Sunlight. What if I hadn't been working very hard at it lately?

It was past my bedtime. I kissed father good night. I climbed the ladder to the loft where Jim and Bertha and Sadie and I sleep.

Every time I climb this ladder I tell myself: this is the ladder of fame. Funny, isn't it for me to have such thoughts when I haven't but two nice dresses and one good pair of shoes? But thoughts—I can't keep you from coming—can I?

Wouldn't roses look sweet twining around this ladder? I do love roses. Some folks are like roses. Mamma is. Her heart is gold and the white petals are her deeds and thoughts. But she's like a wet rose now out alone in an April shower, too tender and sweet to fight the rain and wind. Her head is too heavy and she tries to hide it and can't.

WHEN I started to say this I didn't think there was so much to it. And mamma is like another rose on this prairie. The sun is too hot and there aren't many folks passing along and not many to see whether you're happy or sad—nothing but the trees, and they don't go all the way.

I don't know why they all laughed next morning when I called the lamb Susannah.

Bertha said she never heard of a lamb named such. I told her I guessed she didn't know. No other lamb was good enough.

Father laughed. I was glad in my mouth. That's when I taste my heart.

Jim hugged Susannah until I thought he'd choke her. When we gave her milk she drank awful slow. And to think she is really mine—mine!

Then father thanked the Lord for Susannah—he didn't call her that. But I believe that if the Lord tells the lamb's mamma that Susannah fell among a preacher's children she'll be glad.

FATHER didn't leave that day. The afternoon went to call on the morning, and when evening came it was raining. Father was coming from mother's room. "Hush, mother is very sick!"

"Oh, my!" I whispered.

Of course the children are too young to understand sickness.

Just then a loud knock came at the door.

"Mr. Smith, come! Pap's a-dyin' and he wants a word of prayer."

Father looked toward mother's room.

"John, wife is ill and there is no one but me. It

"I can't leave mamma!" I cried. And Bertha and Jim began to cry.

"God hath not given us the spirit of fear but of love and power," and father's great eyes were turned to me.

He needed me so badly and God did too.

"I'll go!"

THE horse was galloping off before I had a chance to take one look at my mother or father. I couldn't help feeling that maybe I would see mamma alive again. All this hadn't taken any more than two minutes. It seemed years.

The thunder roared and the lightning zigzagged and skipped the rope, and I hid my head.

That verse father had quoted! "Not the spirit of fear but love." Father was just sending me out as the Lord sent father to the frontier.

"Oh, it's grand!" I whispered.

A terrible roar of thunder came. All the fear was gone. I thought how the rains have to come so the Jack-in-the-pulpits and the wake-robin, violets, and buttercups can come. Fear had to come so I'd know stronger about love.

A light was shining from a shack. The young man helped me off his horse and his hands were cold as ice. I was pretty wet. He took me to the door. His mother looked at me the strangest. I guess I was the queerest preacher she ever saw.

"Can you pray?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Hurry up! Pap is sinkin'!"

I was in a room where an old, weazened little man lay on a bed. He scarcely breathed.

"The preacher," he gasped.

"No, but hisen darter."

The boy was staring at me. I opened my Bible. But the woman stopped me.

"Pray! He don't want no Bible. Pray!"

My heart was in my mouth. I seemed to be chewing it.

"Let us kneel!"

I didn't ask what his sins were.

"Dear Lord and Saviour! I'm just Your little linsey-woolsey girl. I don't know this man but You do. You are the Good Shepherd and know Your sheep. Even if he isn't in Your fold he wants to be. Dear Lord and Saviour, we're all bad. I didn't want to come here at first, but father wants us to honor our father and mother. In that way we honor You. (Isn't that a sweet idea?) I guess, Lord, by doing the things we don't want to do we will be more able to do the things we like to do.

Religion and money are a good deal alike. If you've got some you want more. If you haven't any—you wonder what it's good for. Father is the no-money, all-religion kind. I guess that's what you are, dear Lord.

"Forgive, dear Lord, this man all he's done that's wicked and all he did he thought was good. For maybe you two don't think the same about politics. 'Cause some folks say good is evil just like some folks say one party is good and the other is bad.

"I hope he doesn't weigh so bad in Your balances."

"Bless his wife and his son. Let them take warning and not send for a preacher the last minute."

"Bless my mamma that's like a rose."

"Please, dear Lord, don't be too hard on him, for he's old and sick. I guess he's had a hard life. And he's all shriveled up."

(Concluded on page 37)



"Forgive, dear Lord, this man all he's done that's wicked and all he did he thought was good. Please, dear Lord, don't be too hard on him."

might be death to leave her. I must go back this minute!"

The young man choked up.

"You can't let pap die without a word—"

"Father," I made brave to speak. "Let me care for mamma. How far is it?"

"Ten mile," the young man said.

"No, child, you can't."

Then father's face changed.

"You can pray—you can go!"

"I never prayed for anyone I didn't know."

"You will forget yourself. Pray, dear, from your heart."

I felt afraid then.

"No, I can't. It's so dark—it's raining. The horse might slip. Oh, why can't folks do their own praying?"



World's-End

EVERYONE went early to bed that evening at World's-End.

It was as if they had seen the hem of Death's sable garment trail from the threshold, and double-locking the steadfast door of the still inviolate home upon him, had said with a deep, unanimous sigh of the spirit: "Ah, now at last we can sleep in safety." Even the faithful Miss Lee was to seek slumber on this beneficent night, lying on the couch which Owen had occupied in Richard's dressing room, with the door open and a night light burning. Under the opiate given early in the evening, her patient would be sure also to sleep tranquilly until morning. Mary took Sally off to bed at nine o'clock. At half past nine Patton, yawning and stretching like a sluggish colossus coming drowsily to life, went off in search of the first unbroken rest that he had enjoyed since his arrival two weeks before. By ten the old clock was the one animated thing in all the slumber-muted house.

But by the side of Owen, now so dearly near her once again and fallen immediately into the deep, stirless sleep of exhaustion, Phoebe lay wide awake, watching the soft shadows from the wood fire play about the lovely room that seemed once more to smile upon her with a friend's countenance. Was it possible—oh! was it possible—that Death and Fear had gone, and only Love was with her? Might she not wake up suddenly to find that she had been dreaming and in her dream had said: "This is a dream"?

SUDDENLY, as if it had been a roselit slide, the present was withdrawn and she gazed back into the steep, dark caverns of the past through which with so much fear and so much trembling she had come to this wide place of refuge. She looked bravely, not shrinking, and saw herself as she had been when first Owen and then that other came into her life—a self-willed, self-centered girl—full of a wild, imperious desire for life and love, not rightly knowing and certainly not caring overmuch in what real life and love consisted. But now she knew, if only in part, something of these benign yet awful mysteries; and the new spirit in her shuddered with a sort of pity for what she had then been—for the blindness and littleness and narrow passion of it all.

And she sent her thought deeper still and drew forth the thing that might have been from those dark shadows of the past. She forced her mind to see herself as Richard's unwanted wife—a creature for all time abased in his sight and in her own—her child cast off—

Recoiling from this dread picture, another as terrible confronted her, and she saw herself again, lying there alone on the mountain-side, dead by her own hand—lying there for days perhaps, until—

Vividly there rushed before her the scenes of her old father's grief and despair as they might have been when he was told of what had been found in the mountain. She dropped her head on her arms and trembled with a sick horror of the self that had been hers.

For some moments she stayed thus, then she lifted herself and gazed down at the face of the man sleeping so quietly at her side. Ah, was it strange that she worshiped him? Was she not his creation? Had he not given her a soul? If she had worshiped him before she knew, would not God Himself forgive her for worshiping him now? In her impassioned young gratitude she felt a helpless anger against the shortness of life. How was she to grow worthy of him in such a meager space of time? How fulfill that burning ideal of herself that should be—make herself all glorious within like the King's daughter?

And again the present was withdrawn; but now it was at the future that she gazed—at the image of herself as she longed to be, moving through a clear shining toward the summits of spiritual attainment. Yes, no purity would be stronger than her purity, for it would be the fruit of choice and not of chance; no compassion would be deeper than hers, because it would be born of understanding; no unselfishness greater, for her true, her real self had been given her by the selfless love of another and must be cherished only to spend itself in things apart from self—thus growing in greatness by what it gave away in accordance with Divine Paradox.

Ah, the little children that she would succor! Ah, the young girls mistaken as she had been mistaken, caught blind and willful and reckless in the bright snare of romance and springtime passion—how tender and loving she would be to them, how comprehending, even as he had been to her! And ever she would climb up and up toward those clear peaks that rose so gentle and full of a mysterious promise above the mists and shadows of the world in which till now she had been used to move. What did the great words say? That evil might exercise a stirring power—point out the path to goodness—to the inner advance of life—to the formation of a new nature. Yes, a new nature, a new life, a new world—all these she would win, because of him and of the new spirit that he had given her.

A great emotion lifted her spirit as on a rushing wind. For one immortal moment more than love possessed it, the wild gratitude of love for love, the outgush of all the spirit toward some vast, benevolent source, as it were a winging home to the heart of the universe, to give unspeakable thanks. For that moment of wild, purified ecstasy, the pagan slipped from Phoebe's soul like a frail husk, she was rapt into unimaginable heights, and all her being quivered upward like a thin passionate flame toward its source.

THE next morning, shortly after breakfast, Owen and Patton went for a long walk together.

Patton was to leave World's-End by the afternoon train, and there was a very serious and important point that Owen wished to discuss with him.

The day was cold and glittering. From a sky of light, bright blue, a small sun glared intensely as

though brought to a focus by the great burning glass of the sky. The gray woods clung like smoke to the mountain sides, and like smoke clustered in the folds of the valley. The little Green-Flower lay like a torpid, silver-backed Python vainly trying to thaw itself in the winter sunlight. Here and there some fields had put on the livery of spring with the emerald plush of winter oats. There was a great antiphonal in progress among the crows—two flights answering each other, one from the hollow near the oat field, one from Logan's Wood.

PATTON was smoking his dear briar as he walked, but Owen, who preferred a tranquil, sedentary pipe after meals, had already finished his before leaving World's-End, and now walked with his hands loosely caught behind him, looking up from under his brows at the mountains they were approaching.

In their stupendous tranquillity, they seemed like a great "Credo" rising toward the suspended abyss of ether, the earth's "will to believe" made manifest. Something in him responded to their silent and immemorial assertion of an All-Seeing Unseen, as with a great shout of the spirit, only spiritually to be heard. With bare majesty the venerable words strode through his mind:

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help—"

The theology of the great Hebrew book might be anthropomorphic, but when it spoke with the voice of its poets it spoke as with Divinity's own voice.

Another trumpeting of words, mysteriously great and potent, sounded its inner reveille:

"The heart that abandons itself to the Supreme Mind finds itself in relation to all its works, and will travel a royal road to particular knowledges and powers—"

There came to him a quickening of all his spirit, akin to the ecstatic motion which had drawn Phoebe from her grosser sheath the night before, but with him it was a force of more sobriety—an answering to the vast whole with "I agree and I revere," an abandonment, in full consciousness of all the self to what is selfless yet transcends individuality, to the Supreme Paradox whose core is truth.

PATTON walked in silence beside him, feeling that together they touched the garment of a great moment and that virtue went from it to them both.

As they entered the first field leading to the flank of the mountain Owen turned to him.

"Charles," he said. "I want your advice on a very grave question. Now that Richard is out of danger, there comes the question of—" he hesitated, then went on firmly—"of my attitude to him and to Sally."

"Yes, I've been thinking of that," said Patton.

"He is certainly out of danger?"

"It will be a long time before he gets his strength, but practically he is out of danger."

Owen hesitated again and grew white.

"That arm—?" he said.

Patton looked grim. It was the look that came on his face when he had an operation to perform in a case that could only be locally anesthetized. "I can't tell you yet, old man. It may be stiff—he may pull through."

They walked in silence for some moments.

Then Owen said, with a hoarseness in his voice:

"What I want to ask you is about telling Sally—the truth."

"I see," said Patton. He pulled hard at his pipe without noticing that it had gone out.

There was another silence.

"Will he—remember clearly, Charles?"

"Not clearly, I think. But—"

He too hesitated.

"You see," said Owen in an even tone, "the first blow only dazed him. He—he looked at me—"

"He'll remember essentials," said Patton stolidly.

"I thought that."

SILENCE fell again.

Suddenly Patton said rather gruffly:

"I wouldn't go over it, old man. What's the use?"

"No use, Charles. At first I didn't care one way or the other. Then I went down—there are depths, you know—"

Acute pain twisted Patton's face for a moment, then he said quietly:

"Yes, I know."

It was he who again broke the silence.

"See here, old man. I think I've got the gist of what you want to ask me. Shall I put it for you?"

"Thanks—yes," said Owen.

"I've hammered at it a good bit in my own mind. When Richard is strong enough, the chances are that he'll tell his mother the truth. I say chances, for he may—" (Patton's emphasis here was very expressive of his opinion of Richard)—"he may out of consideration for her health decide not to speak. You know him better than I do. What do you think?"

"I've gone over that," answered Owen, "and I think that while he will shrink from telling her, the—circumstances are such that he will feel compelled to."

"Ah, that settles matters then."

"How do you mean?"

"I think it will be better for you to tell her yourself. If he blurts it out to her like that—lying there—"

His broken sentences were more expressive than words could have been.

Owen's teeth caught his underlip and held it.

Presently he said in a low voice:

"You don't think this second shock will be too much for her?"

"It won't be good for her, of course. But it will be better than the other way. Sally is much better than she was last winter. I doubt if she could have weathered these past two weeks then."

"Shall I tell her, to-day—while you are here?"

Patton thought hard for a few moments.

"Better wait a while," he said at last. "The boy won't be able to talk coherently for some days. You see she had one violent shock last night. It was a shock of joy, true—but it got in its work just the same. I shall have to keep Richard under opiates for at least a week more. Suppose we wait until I come to-morrow to settle the time?"

"Just as you think, of course," said Owen slowly.

PATTON stole a glance full of shy affection at the dark, preoccupied face. Then he suddenly hooked his arm in the other's.

"I say, Owen," he mumbled, "I'd knock these memories higher than a kite if I were you."

Owen smiled. It was a very sad, sane smile.

"Cockleburs are a better simile for memories than kites, Charles," he said.

"Then I'm dashed if I wouldn't chuck cockleburs, coat and all, into the fire," retorted Patton grimly.

"You forget my mind's the coat in this case."

PATTON was silent. The words "Physician heal thyself" occurred to him. Who knew better than he did that memories are not subject to the will of the man? Who knew better than he—A rigor ran through him. He withdrew his arm and busied himself with refilling his pipe. His hands were shaking.

They had reached a fence, beyond which rose a grove of noble oaks and chestnuts. Through them could be seen an old brick wall, violet-brown with age, and thickly crusted with moss and lichen.

"The old Randolph burial ground—he?" asked Patton, glad for even this change of subject.

"Yes. Shall we take a look? The key is here under a flat stone—a queer old custom that I've never changed."

"Yes, let's," said Patton. "It's a beautiful spot. See how those wild grapevines have grown from tree to tree, making them look like one huge banyan. And the valley there at its feet. And the mountain keeping guard. They should sleep sound, those old Randolphs."

"Yes. I love the place," said Owen.

He found the big, rusty key and opened the old

iron gate between its brick posts surmounted by balls of stone from each of which rose a dexter hand holding a tomahawk.

Owen pointed to them with the key. "The old explorer's crest, invented by himself, before the discovery of the famous nag's head," he said smiling.

"Fine old fellow," said Patton heartily, "is he buried here?"

"Yes. There he is. He was the third Owen Randolph, you know. He built the central part of the house that's now standing."

Patton turned about on the thick carpet of periwinkle that ran from wall to wall of an inclosure about eighty feet square. The tombstones were all very simple, of white marble beautifully toned by age and weather. On this one, which stood slightly apart with one other from the rest, was carved:

MY FATHER

O.w.e.n . R.a.n.d.o.l.p.h

Born January 15—1715

Died November 9—1795

Ingenium nemo sine corpore exercebat; optimus quisque facere quem dicere, sua ab aliis benefacta laudare, quam ipse aliorum narrare malebat

"A fine old chap—a fine old chap—" murmured Patton again, reading over (Continued on page 24)

Capturing the Delegate

By Henry White

ILLUSTRATED BY S. J. WOOLF



"Nefer mind, Mr. Blumberg," the delegate interrupted, "ve don't need sociableness in a bants shop. You know I wouldn't come to dark words, only pizness."

union dime, I make efryody pay doos, I vipe my feet ven I comes in der shop, und say 'Goot mornink' to der shop shairman."

"Vell," the delegate returned, looking away with the air of one about to say something he did not relish, "I haf no complain' mit the workmens. Efry-
ing iss yoost like I vos boss."

"Ah, ha!" brightened up the contractor, "der union rools to me is yoost like der Torah. I believe der union iss goot ven it iss honest. I—"

"Didnt' I told you dot der workmens ain't any more slafes; dey vant to speake somedink, too, yoost like der cabitalist."

"Der foremans!" cried Blumberg, bewildered; "vy, vot has der union mit der foremans to do?"

"Didnt' I told you dot der workmens ain't any more slafes; dey vant to speake somedink, too, yoost like der cabitalist."

"Noo, vell!" broke in Blumberg, whose tension was at the snapping point, "make hurry up; vot about der foremans, der foremans?"

The delegate pointed to a sign in red on the wall. It read:

NOTICE—Smoking not allowed, under penalty of fine, imprisonment, or both. By order of
Fire Commissioner.

Underneath, in Yiddish, was another sign, which read:
Anyone caught smoking will be discharged. By order of
BLUMBERG & GOLDFARB.

"You discharged Josefsky, didn't you?" he said in the tone of a judge excoriating a culprit; "you discharged Gorovitz, too, didn't you? Und vy? Because dey schmoked cigarettes? No! Because dey was goot union mans? Yes—dot vos your chance, und you dought dot ve was sleeping! Der union iss patient und vaits. Der Executive Board gets complain' dot Schmuil, der foremans, schmokes a cigarette in der schop; der workmens haf a meeting und passed to discharge der foremans."

"Mine Gott!" moaned the contractor, and his collapse seemed imminent. Getting a grip on himself, he burst out: "Next you will discharge mine wife! Understand me, Mr. Krenkel, der union pizness must got to stop somevere! Ven der union discharges my foremans, petter close up and peddle fish!"

A WEEK later the same door was flung open and the same chunky one entered. He boosted himself on the worktable as before and waited. Blumberg, busy at the far end of the shop, dropped the work in hand and haltingly came toward him. He mustered a near smile, and, with a poorly concealed tremor, greeted him. "I see, Mr. Krenkel, you nefer vorget your goot frients. Nice from you to come—very nice from you. If I could know I would haf schnaaps und sponge cake retty vor you. Next dime—"

"Nefer mind, Mr. Blumberg," the delegate interrupted, "ve don't need sociableness in a bants shop. You know I wouldn't come to dark words, only pizness."

"Pizness, pizness!" gurgled the contractor. "Vy, ain't efryding all right yet? I pay der prize, I work

At this the visitor leisurely pulled out a bag of tobacco and began to spread a bit of the contents into a small sheet of rice paper held curved in the fingers of the other hand. With a deft roll a cigarette was formed. With his tongue he wetted the edge to bind it and struck a match on his sole. Lighting up, he walked slowly out, puffing.

THE firm of Blumberg & Goldfarb sat disconsolate in their deserted shop on Cannon Street. Though broad day, bundles of cut garments were piled high in a corner, half-made pants encumbered the worktables and benches, the floor was unswept. Downstairs groups of men sauntered back and forth, stopping now and then to accost passers-by. A policeman, long stick in hand, suggestive of a peaceful labor trouble, stood in the doorway. People stopped a moment, looked about, and with significant glances passed on. What was a mere shop strike to the East Side?

"Yoseph," observed the senior member, gazing idly into the street, "vats der use? Der union haf our necks der fingers arount. Principles iss all right—aber it vön't make soup."

"Yes," agreed the junior partner, "principles iss fine vor der feller outside—aber it iss no use. Next week maybe der vorkmens demand a plana in der shop und der boss to play tanz music!"

"Und cabaret, don't forget," added the senior.

"Yes, der union vould demand dot der boss be discharged, only some von must give out der shobs," finished the junior.

GOLDFARB looked abstractedly at the wall for some time. Blumberg watched him expectant. An idea was in its birth throes. The elder had reason to respect the abstractions of the younger. He often said: "His silence was golt und his dark prass." The stillness made the ticking of the clock sound like hammer strokes. The partners were as inert as statues.

"Mosh!" suddenly called out Goldfarb, "vot you dink! It iss no use to fight der union mit a club, yoost like to fight a black tog in der cellar. Aber you can fight der union diblomatic. Dere is nodding like diblomacy, Mosh. It pushes der moundains avay und makes der enemy ours!"

"Yes, Yoseph, dot iss so, but I don't see der point," interrupted Blumberg.

"Vell," went on the oracle with a searching look at the other as if to gauge the effect of what he was about to say, "vy not make a son-in-law of der enemy?"

Blumberg jumped up and glared at his partner. "Vat!" he also shrieked, "are you blaying crazy house mit me—vot you mean?"

Goldfarb, unperturbed, looked out of the window as if to await the subsidence of Blumberg's brain-storm. "Dink it over, Mosh," was all he said.

The senior partner walked nervously about, stopping now and then to glare out of the window. Several times his lips twitched to speak, but he got no further. Stopping suddenly, he raised both hands, and in an undertone, immensely more impressive than his shouting said: "You mean dot mine daughter, mine only daughter, gets married to dot loafer, Krenkel, vot makes me all dot troubles? Iss dot diblomacy—iss dot de vay to settle der strike und stop der union to squeeze der inside from us out? Iss dot your schmart advice? Shame on you!"

GOLDFARB met this without a blink. Then he smiled benignly and went over to where his partner had sat down and was moaning with his head between his hands. He patted the sufferer softly. "Now, Mosh, my frient," he started, "my goot und honest bartner! I vould not hurt your veeling vor a sign on Broadway. Yoost look der question in der eye. It ain't so awful as you dink. Yes, Rifka iss a lady, a very fine, nice lady. Aber see! You pring ofer dot greenhorn landsman, Yankel, vor a chusen. You gif dot schlemiel vork in der shop und raise der prize. Der vorkmens demand der same prize, und dot settles our brofit. If you pay Rifka a chusen, pay a real pargain—yes, a doppel pargain."

Blumberg raised his head and looked quietly at the speaker. His excitement was spent. "But dot loafer," he remonstrated.

Goldfarb cleared his throat. "Krenkel ain't so pad

a yung. Supposen you vas a workman und der vorkmens make you delegate because you vas schmart. Dot is a pizness joost like a lawyer—like making bantz. Und don't forget, Mosh, you vos a agitator, too, and such a agitator! Oye! Der vorkmens make demands. You say to der boss, Vell you zettie or vell you haf a strike? Der boss don't like you, aber nit; der vorkmens like you, aber yes—und gif you a goit vatch mit compliments inside. Krenkel iss a schmart boy; more schmart as der contractors! He makes expenses un drouble blenty. He iss more schmart as der vorkmens. He is educated—he speaks like a rav. Und my, vot a salesman! Oye!" This last was uttered with a rise of the shoulders and a lifting of the hands, palms upward. Blumberg said nothing. All was settled, then, but the plan of procedure.

The Yiddish "Daily Ferment" printed that Blum-

berg kind to be the subject of a matrimonial trade. She was a woman with opinions of her own. Away in front sat Goldfarb, with Krenkel beside him. Perhaps, out of considerate regard for the democratic tastes of his guest, he wore a plain business suit.

THE play, as befitting the gay occasion, was a cheerful representation of underground Russia. The most famous Yiddish artists had volunteered. The intensity of the acting, however, failed to hold the interest of the partners. To their surprise and evident annoyance, they noted their young landsman, Yankel, sitting alone in a rear seat and wearing a nobby dress suit given him for other occasions. Could it be that he was improving the opportunity and pressing his attentions upon Rifka on his own hook? They noticed him making friendly signs to the girl; they appeared to be on the most agreeable terms. The play came to an end, as even such plays do, and an intermission followed to permit the removal of the seats for the ball.

Blumberg and his daughter drifted toward the café downstairs. He led her to a table where four chairs were tipped, and, straightening two, they sat down. Presently Goldfarb sauntered by, arm in arm with his companion, and, stopping as if in surprise, exclaimed: "Ah, Mr. Krenkel, my bartner iss here und his charming daughter, too! An unexpected pleasure, indeed! Miss Blumberg, please allow me to make you acquainted mit my dear friend, Mr. Krenkel."

The delegate extended his hand to meet hers, and, with a grave bow, said: "I haf had der extreme pleasure before."

THE partners could not repress a start and looked inquiringly at each other. Goldfarb vindicated his reputation for tact. "In vree America," he quickly responded, "young peoples gets acquainted mitout vormalities;" and, with a look at the girl: "Der young ladies don't stay home by der kitchen, tied mit der mamma's abron strinks."

The four sat awhile discussing the play and the players. It developed that the young people were well informed on Russian revolutionary matters and radical questions generally. Their ideas, moreover, were noticeably in harmony. This the partners regarded with undisguised satisfaction, though their own views and sympathies ran otherwise. The leaden heel of the union was not calculated to enthuse them with the beauties of radicalism. Discreetly, therefore, they remained noncommittal. A suspicion entered the junior partner's mind that the young people knew each other better than they announced, but it was merely a fleeting notion. After some time at the table the four went up into the hall, where Yankel, apparently in waiting, at once stepped toward the girl and claimed her for the first dance.

THIS was upsetting, but when he got a chance the junior partner remarked reassuringly: "Nefer mind, Mosh, Rifka iss a schmart maidel—Yankel iss a fine tanzer, und a girl vants to tanz. Aber Krenkel iss all in der het und not in der feet."

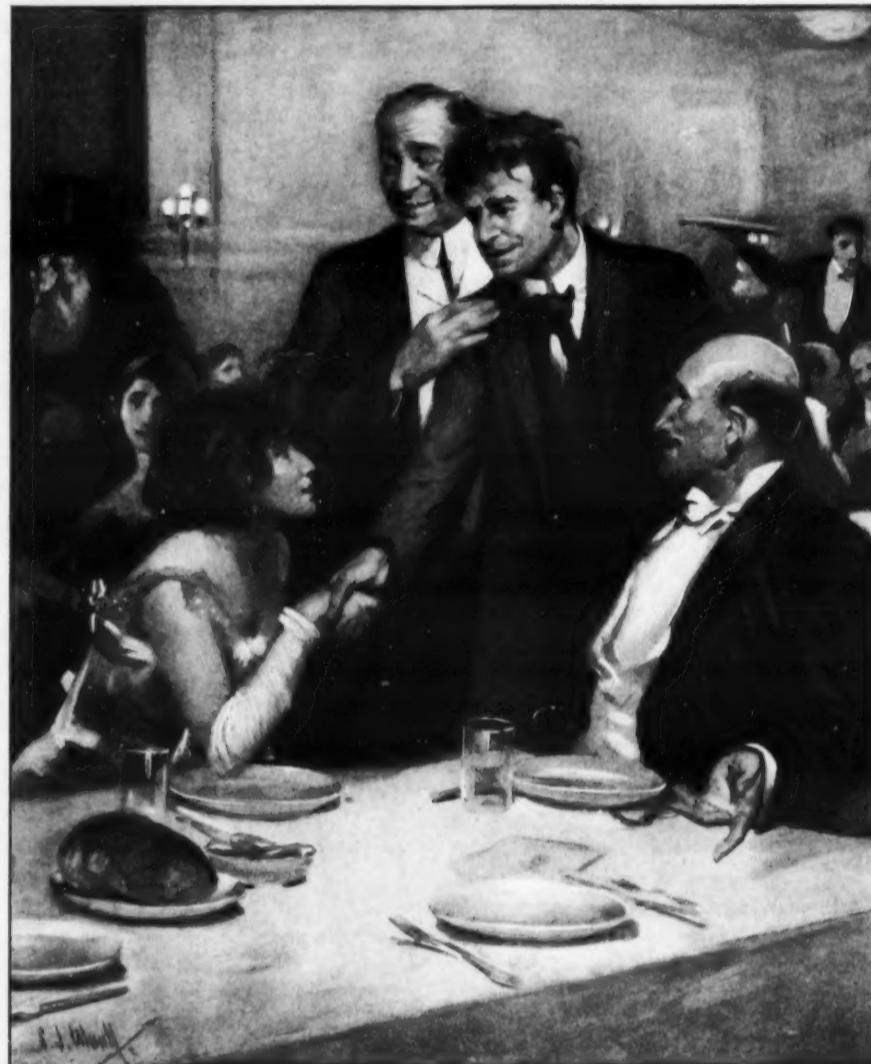
"Yes, Yoseph," rejoined the father, "dot iss all right, aber you can't argument mit girls—a yung mit fancy clothes und honey words, mit a shilling to pay ice cream, iss more worth als a philosoph."

"Ah, Mosh," reproved the other, "you forget how Sarah gif you breferece over dot spitzboob, der fiddler."

"Vell," went on Blumberg resignedly, "it iss all my fault—I tell Rifka der greenhorn iss eighteen-carat golt, und maype he pe President yet, aber he vas born in Wilna."

"Nonsense, Mosh, nonsense! Vait! Yankel gif Rifka a goot dime, und Rifka ain't voolish. She can tell a piece of glass von a diamond."

The girl was a long time getting back. Many dances passed. She returned with her last partner flushed and radiant. All her dancing numbers were bespoke, and mostly by Yankel. The band struck up, and again she was away. Krenkel, too, was kept busy with acquaintances. More, he never inquired as to the girl's absence, and when supper arrived he forfeited the option to take her to dine. Yankel had the (Concluded on page 23)



The delegate extended his hand to meet hers, and, with a grave bow, said: "I haf had der extreme pleasure before."

berg & Goldfarb had settled with the union. And such a settlement! The vanquished were as tickled as the victors. Capital and labor had really embraced. Blumberg praised the gentlemanly deportment of the delegate Krenkel, and the delegate complimented the contractors for their reasonableness and good spirit. The discharged foreman, too, after a closeted time with the firm, came out smiling. Krenkel in his rounds stopped at shorter intervals at Blumberg & Goldfarb's. He was greeted with an almost family warmth and tendered the swivel chair in the office. Invariably a box of cigars, bearing marks in luscious Spanish, was brought out of the hidden recesses of the roll-top desk and handed to the delegate. With apparent reluctance he picked out one, and, when further urged, another. These he shoved into his vest pocket, mindful of the staring fire sign and the recent unpleasantries which forbade their immediate enjoyment. On one of these visits the junior partner gracefully slipped the delegate a ticket for the combined play and dance of the East Side Division of the Revolutionary Daughters, to be held in the Grand Waldorf Palace, the most sumptuous meeting place in all the Jewish quarter.

THE long-anticipated affair of the Revolutionary Daughters at last became a reality. Blumberg and his daughter sat in the lower box, a composite picture of dignity and grace. He wore a specially pressed swallowtail and she a "creation." Her charms were various besides the gown. One thing, however, was pretty clear: she was not the

Thoughts That Throb

A Suggestion to Opportunity

When Opportunity, hot-footing by,
Knocks on the door of hovel and of flat,
Sometimes he gives a gentle "rat-tat-tat,"
As soft as air—as noiseless as a sigh.
And far within some boy with bulging eye
Reads on of Presidents untroubled—whereat
Old Opp. with vigor grabs a baseball bat
And bangs the next door once—ere he can fly,
The boy within has seized him with a cry;
"Sign me," he pleads; "I'd give my neck to try
That big-league game. Just watch my spitter hop!"
I've got more speed, too, than that Johnson guy.
Think of the pennants I can help you cop!"
Why can't the old chap try a louder noise
Upon the presidential brand of boys?

Beacon Lights of Obscurity

SAMUEL P. BILLINGSGOAT, New York, Patriot—Mr. Billingsgoat earns \$5,000 a year and is the father of seven young and growing children. On the last day of February he had his wife sew a patch on his 1909 model overcoat, after which he went down to the collector's and paid \$10 income tax without one sob or murmur of regret.

PETER WINGLEBORG, St. Louis, Honest Man—On the 4th of last March Mr. Wingleborg while reading a newspaper walked in front of an automobile and was knocked down. Upon being brushed off he assured the owner of the automobile that it was his own fault and served him right. Further, Mr. Wingleborg offered to reimburse the auto owner for the damage done to the machine's oil lamp.

ANSON F. WOMBAT, Chicago, Reformer—Mr. Wombat, having been greatly embarrassed by a lewd joke uttered in vaudeville one night, organized a party of twenty-five and attended the theatre the next evening. Upon the repetition of the joke the entire party arose, left the theatre, and demanded their money back. That joke was cut out thereafter.

Our Highest Explosive

THE airship is the highest explosive thus far invented by man.

This fact is a great grief to inventors and scientists, who have been struggling for years to make the airship something else. Never has man landed farther from his goal than in producing a 500-foot bomb while endeavoring to perfect an aerial omnibus.

Man has fussed with airships for many years. Monkeying with a buzz saw is a "safety first" occupation beside it. Some few inventors have been content to remain on earth, letting other men take the creations of their genius into the clouds. These inventors are still alive and in good health. The rest are reverently remembered.

The airship consists of a thin skin stuffed with gas. Man has solved the problem of making this gas bag as long as an ocean liner and of pushing it through the sky at the rate of forty miles an hour. But he has not yet learned how to prevent it from exploding with a \$750,000 bang while too far aloft to make fire escapes of the slightest use.

Airships have remained aloft for days at a time, cruising across whole nations at high speed. Airships have carried happy passengers in luxurious compartments from city to city on schedule time. But airships have also done so many other things of interest only to science and the coroner that they cannot as yet be classed as an amusement or a convenience. An airship is still an adventure and a deadly weapon in the hands of man, who apparently doesn't know it is loaded.

Many nations are experimenting vigorously with the airship in the hope of being able to inflict hideous injury upon a hostile country through it. This is perfectly feasible already. If Germany would lend England all its airships in case of an ill feeling between the two countries, it would strike that country a heartless blow.

Ford's Hovel and His Janitor's Palace

DETROIT has a unique sight which is always shown to visitors. It is the residence of Henry Ford, the man who pays an income tax on \$9,000,000 a year.

Thousands of people have been hauled around to view this house from the exterior, and almost without exception they have been more impressed than the tourists who have viewed Senator Clark's tall, warty cliff on Fifth Avenue. The house is a plain, small affair, which would probably rent for \$50 a month.

By George Fitch

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON



In another year one of the rival sights of Detroit will undoubtedly be the residence—not hovel—of some floor sweeper in the Ford factories who gets \$5 a day. Nowhere else are the two ends of the social scale approaching a common center with such rapidity.

Getting Ready for 1992

IN CHICAGO, one of our most hustling little business places, they are still methodically settling up the affairs of the late World's Fair, which many of COLLIER'S younger readers will not recall. Another



dividend of one per cent or thereabout is ready for the stockholders, and some official with a good memory has recalled the fact that at the close of the exposition a sum of money—\$25,000 or so—was left in charge of the president of the Board of Women Managers. The attention of Mrs. Potter Palmer, the said president, having been called to this, she has recalled the fact herself and has discovered that the fund has now



swelled to over \$60,000. Preliminary discussions regarding the disposal of this monetary debris are now going on.

As the five hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America is now only seventy-eight years away, it might be a good plan to leave the money right where it is and let it continue drawing interest. Chicago will undoubtedly hold another world's fair in 1992, and this is none too early to begin preparations.

Why the Sparrow Languishes

THE late Republican party overlooked very few birds in the tariff line, but it lost a great opportunity many years ago when it did not plaster a prohibitive tariff upon the English sparrow. If there had been a 7,000 per cent ad valorem tariff on English sparrows a quarter of a century ago, the thoughtless citizen who imported the first batch would have had to pay twenty-five cents apiece duty on them and this might have discouraged him.

The English sparrow is a feather-covered bundle of ill feeling, about as large to listen to as a ward caucus, but only as extensive to look at as one of the new parcel-post stamps.

He is composed almost exclusively of voice and temper. As a song bird he is less melodious than a campus quartette. As an ornament he rivals in beauty a splotch of mud on a limousine car. He is only a little more useful than the Republican National Committee. But as a fighter he holds all world's records. While a human pugilist is giving out the preliminary defiance and quarreling over terms, an English sparrow can pull off a thousand three-round bouts and emerge from them in comparatively good health.

The English sparrow makes his home wherever facilities for quarreling are good. He does not go South with millionaires and other birds in the autumn, but sticks around all winter, fighting. In the summer the sparrows fight all comers, but in the winter, owing to lack of opportunity, they fight among themselves. This is all that has kept the sparrow from crowding humanity off the planet, for, as a multiplication table, he makes the Belgian hare blush for its race suicide.

The sparrow builds his—or in this case her—nest wherever it will be most inconvenient, generally in a drain pipe or porch corner, and becomes a great-grandfather in a very short period. He is very cheerful, when not fighting, and loves to gather in great choral clubs at 6 a. m., making a noise as pleasant as a locomotive exhaust. Because of the sparrow's bravery in sticking out the long, hard winters without ear muffs or overshoes, he would be universally beloved if it were not for his disposition. But when America discovered that it would have to choose between the sparrow and peace, it put a bounty on the sparrow's head, and the small boy with his popgun is doing the rest. This should be a warning to all mankind. If we must fight, let us at least observe an eight-hour day for hostilities and not begin at sunrise.

Spring Fever

ABOUT this time of the year spring fever attacks the unoffending citizen and reduces him to temporary junk.

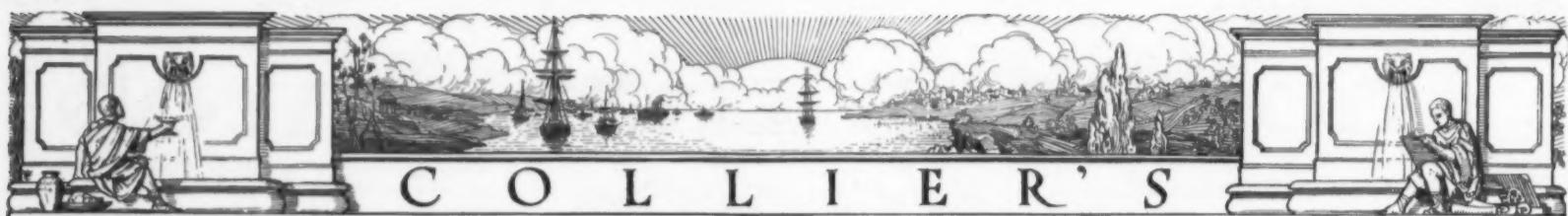
Spring fever is more terrible than other fevers because it cannot be cured by swallowing a clinical thermometer and running out a few yards of tongue in the presence of a doctor. When a man has spring fever he has to suffer along with the knowledge that nothing is the matter with him and that there isn't sympathy enough in the wide world to spare him one little tear.

Spring fever is so called because it removes the spring from man and leaves him a mass of helpless woe. It begins by attacking the victim's feet. These rapidly increase in weight until they weigh half a ton apiece. It then dissolves the backbone into a thin jelly, removes the muscles from the arms, and hangs lead sinkers on the eyelids.

When the fever has completed this job it sits back and watches its victim trying to work with fiendish glee.

The efforts of said victim to do a day's work look like the efforts of a slim young man to throw an elephant over a trolley wire by the tail.

When he begins to work in this condition he has an ache for every bone. (Concluded on page 32)



COLLIER'S

Death the Adventure

YEARS AGO MAETERLINCK wrote a poignant little drama, "The Death of Tintagiles." Yet the play never reached the stage in New York till the other day. Probably the chief reason is that death is therein symbolized as an inexorable and frightful monster. And the world has come to esteem as more precious the poets and philosophers who have passed over the sinister side to dwell on death with resignation and even exultation. For such thoughts no time is better than Easter. It is the true Easter spirit that STEVENSON voices when he says of one who dies young:

In the hot fit of life, a-tiptoe on the highest point of being, he passes at a bound on to the other side. The noise of the mallet and chisel is scarcely quenched, the trumpets are hardly done blowing, when, trailing with him clouds of glory, this happy-starred, full-blooded spirit shoots into the spiritual land.

Turn back a few centuries and listen to the similar note in JOHN DONNE'S noble words:

The sun is setting to thee, and that forever; thy houses and furniture, thy garden and orchards, thy titles and offices, thy wife and children, are departing from thee, and that forever; a cloud of faintness is come over thine eyes, and a cloud of sorrow over all theirs; when His hand that loves thee best hangs tremblingly over thee to close thine eyes, *ecce Salvator tuus venit*, behold then a new light. . . . Though in the eyes of men thou lie upon that bed as a statue on a tomb, yet in the eyes of God thou standest as a colossus, one foot in one, another in another hand.

There is a real bugle call of triumph in those four Latin words: *Lo! thy Saviour cometh!* BROWNING over and over spoke of death as some thrilling hazard against which the brave soul may prevail. From BROWNING to BARRIE seems a long step, but no one can forget how PETER PAN, in the play, summarized his conception of death. The rising tide was creeping up to him; he was told that he had to die. "To die!" he cried, and there was the thrill of anticipation in his voice; "to die! That'll be a pretty big sort of an adventure!"

Treaties and Tolls and Moral Tests

DID WE GO TOO FAR when we said that the man who can read the English language as used in the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, and still maintain that we have the right to exempt our coastwise ships from Panama Canal tolls, "thereby proclaims his own moral status"? Several of our readers seem pained by what they regard as an impugnment of their moral status, and have protested that they believe in the free-tolls law, and claim both the ability to read English and honesty of purpose. That acute ethical philosopher, WILLIAM MARION REEDY of the St. Louis "Mirror," agrees with us. "Against the simple moral proposition of the President's canal-tolls message," says the "Mirror," "all the talk about running the canal to please ourselves is mere bluster. You can't beat the Golden Rule." The New York "World" calls our utterance "a concise and correct statement of the case." What COLLIER'S said has been widely approved and not severely criticized by many people. And yet we are not inclined to stand on this record. Maybe we were wrong after all. Minds are such curious things! MARTIN LUTHER honestly believed that the devil appeared to him and he threw his inkstand at the adversary. EDMUND BURKE honestly believed that the rotten borough system of England was essential to the existence of the nation. WILLIAM of Orange believed himself to have a moral right to give away the crown lands of Great Britain and Ireland to his Dutch friends. WILLIAM Pitt, under honest conviction, kept himself in power by the most gigantic system of corruption ever known. Honest lawyers argue acutely for the wrong sides of cases. Many honest people believe that we may exempt American coastwise ships from canal tolls without committing any act of bad faith. We don't.

Barnes and Root

THE NEW YORK "MAIL," in noting that WILLIAM BARNES proposes ELIHU Root as the Republican candidate for United States Senator next fall, itself proposes WILLIAM BARNES as Republican candidate for delegate to revise the Constitution of New York. "Could two men be found," asks the "Mail," "who would typify more completely Republican purposes and policies?" Seriously, where could two better representatives of the Republican party be found? Root in a very high and able way, and BARNES in a very low and able way, represent exactly the same things. They are the things which triumphed in the nomination of TAFT and now control the Republican national organization. By sticking to their guns and moving forward to tenable

grounds of conservatism, the Republicans may build up a very useful conservative party in the United States. By masquerading as radicals or progressives, evading the issues, and sniping about in the underbrush for votes, they will lose now and forever. The "Mail's" suggestion is "writ sarkastikal"—but it is worth considering with great seriousness.

Polite Language from a Candid Friend

THE FOLLOWING QUESTION comes to us on the letter paper of the Park Street School, Milwaukee, Wis.:

You are running the most tiresome serial that I ever attempted to read. I have not found a person whose interest has survived the fourth installment, and I have asked between twenty and thirty. It seems incredible that any editor would inflict such a monstrous dose of puerile drool upon his readers.

Is it never going to end? Yours truly, H. F. WASHBURN, Principal.

It ends with this issue, brother.

American Homicides and Mexican Murders

HEARST'S CHICAGO "EXAMINER" contains an amusing study in contrast. On one page of a recent issue is printed a sympathetic account of Senator A. B. FALL's speech on the Mexican atrocities—with his list of "sixty-four men and women slain and tortured." On another page is published an article by Dr. C. F. AKED on "Homicide Trials and Contempt for Law" in the United States. Taken separately, each of these articles is deeply depressing; in combination they are grimly humorous. Senator FALL's list, one should add, covers the crimes of almost four years, or a considerable part of the Taft as well as one year of the Wilson Administration. Some of the "slain and tortured" are not shown to be Americans, and some of the Americans were hit by bullets flying from battle fields near which they had, necessarily or unnecessarily, exposed themselves. We do not apologize for either VILLA or HUERTA—yet facts are facts, even when one is writing about Mexico. But let us quote the "Examiner":

SENATOR A. B. FALL

Senator FALL fairly staggered the Senate with a mass of distressing details of murder, torture, and outrages upon American women and mistreatment of children.

"We have fiddled while Mexico burned; we have seen our citizens murdered and outraged and hundreds of millions of dollars of their property destroyed," he declared.

As the Senator read from his list of atrocities, which he said were well known to the State Department, he made running comments as he went along, showing that the State Department under the present Administration had done nothing beyond making protests that were never followed up. . . .

"HUERTA," Senator FALL said, "was impossible as President."

"He is a murderer, yes, but if he does it he does it on a big scale," he said. "He does not kill like VILLA, merely to see his victim squirm. He at least leaves it to his underlings. . . . VILLA's character is well known throughout Mexico and along the American border. He is known as a common, ignorant, brutal murderer, for hire."

In the year 1913 9,000 persons died by violence in the United States; to be strictly accurate, 8,992. **No country in the civilized world can compete with us. . . .** A judge in the State of Georgia has declared from the bench that there are more homicides in that one State than in the whole of the British Empire with its 400,000,000 of population.

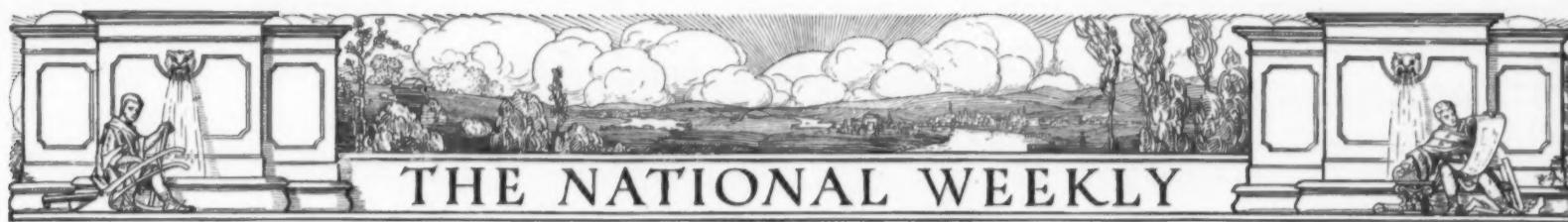
In the year 1913, when there were—as near as makes no matter—9,000 homicides [in America], there were 88 legal executions. London, with 7,000,000 of population, had in a recent year—the last for which reliable statistics are at hand—23 murders ("murders" in London). In New York, with 5,000,000 of population, there were 148 homicides. And for 148 homicides there were 13 convictions. In 1909 there were 19 murders in London.

In Louisville, Ky., with a population of less than 250,000, for the year ended August 1, 1910, there were 47 homicides and not a single conviction. **Chicago goes one better, for in a given year, with 202 homicides, it does manage to sentence one single murderer—that is to say, a homicide.**

It seems to us that both HUERTA and VILLA are pikers when compared with our own common, garden gunmen. No wonder Senator FALL and Editor HEARST are down on them! Dr. ELIOT is quoted by Mr. HEARST's newspaper as saying: "The defense of society against criminals has broken down. The impunity with which crimes of violence are committed is a disgrace to the country." Puzzle: Does Dr. ELIOT allude to VILLA and HUERTA, and is he criticizing Mr. BRYAN and Mr. WILSON for not interfering—or is he, perhaps, speaking of our own peaceful country, where (as it is trite for us to remark) life is as safe as property itself?

Art Patrons

A PHILADELPHIA MILLIONAIRE who made his money in street railways has spent \$700,000 for a Madonna painted several hundred years ago in Italy. The painting, which is a little larger



than a newspaper page, has for a good while hung in a British manor house, and is called "The Panshanger Raphael." Seven hundred thousand dollars is a lot of money to be spent on art—one can't help wondering if this particular \$700,000 was well spent. Of course the money is Mr. WIDENER's (didn't he make it out of Philadelphia street railways?), and so perhaps it is nobody's business; all the same, one wonders. There is no municipal art gallery in Philadelphia; less than \$700,000 would build one. A good many worthy painters not yet fully "arrived" could be subsidized on the income from \$700,000—and isn't it as logical to talk about subsidizing painters of real worth as to actually do it in the case of university scholars? The endowment of a great museum, preferably one already in existence, to the end that it should purchase modern works of art in the lifetime of their creators, would be an admirable way for some millionaire to disgorge the wealth he is a little ashamed of making at the expense of strap-hangers and stock-owning widows. The purchase of art works by living artists would not only stimulate interest in the work of to-day—it would mean a great deal to the painters of this generation. Sometimes one hears loose-spoken persons mention Mr. WIDENER, or Mr. JOHNSON (the Philadelphia lawyer), or the late BENJAMIN ALTMAN, or J. P. MORGAN as an "art patron." Absurdity of absurdities! Such men are not patrons of art—only art dealers' star customers. In so far as they patronize artists at all, they patronize the great names of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. Art is for them something in the shops—whereas the true art patron pays for the freshly painted canvas and makes it possible for the painter to go and paint another. What fun a millionaire "collector" could have with the work of his own time if he only had intelligence enough!

Vice Presidential Philosophy

WHILE CELEBRATING his sixtieth birthday last month, Vice President MARSHALL soliloquized to this effect:

I keep young by not thinking about the years. I have seen a great many babies born and I have seen a great many men die, but I want to live to be in my second childhood. This is a good old world to live in.

We wish Mr. MARSHALL only what is fair and peaceful, but if he makes many more of his characteristic speeches there will be some unkind enough to say that his ambition to live has been fully realized. But it is a good old world, just as he says.

The Essential Thing

ON PAGE 210 of GILBERT K. CHESTERTON's latest book, "The Flying Inn," is a sentence worth thinking about in this day of excuses and evasions: "For she felt God's wind from nowhere, which is called the Will, and is man's only excuse upon this earth."

Wanted: A Miracle

TWO OR THREE YEARS AGO a Frenchman wrote a novel founded on this idea: CHRIST returns to earth and visits Paris. His personality has a tremendous influence upon the population, and various modern miracles are worked, notably in journalism. Newspapers crowded with news and advertisements appear next morning almost blank, for every lie contained in them has miraculously faded into blank paper. What would happen if a miracle of this sort occurred in Tacoma, Wash., and what would be left of the Tacoma "Daily News"? A reader of ours out there sends us a marked copy containing thirty-four patent-medicine advertisements, many of them making ridiculously excessive claims. Incidentally, it is a striking feature of the present day reaction against patent-medicine fakery that it is the readers of newspapers who do the protesting against these advertisements. When will enlightened publishers realize that it pays to be good?

Rose-Watered Smut

HOW MANY PEOPLE who go to see (and perhaps advocate) "white-slave" moving pictures realize exactly what they are doing? How many of these same people are aware that in many Latin-American cities—some of them not very far away either—frankly pornographic "movies" are open to those who care to see them? Now, this word "pornography" is derived from the Greek, which means "that which is written about harlots." Doesn't this signification come dangerously close to the "white-slave" pictures? Obscene art appeals directly to the animal instincts; veiled nastiness—even though it be windily heralded as reform stuff—does the same thing in a more roundabout manner. Open filth is almost always preceded by the disguised sort. If our public "movies" ever descend to the level of some of those the traveler in South America sees, it will be because the public has acquired the taste by gradually becoming inured to these craftily masked vice films. What some folks need is a strong injection against the morbidity that comes from brooding too long on the manure heap.

Putting It up to Burleson

THE WINDING UP of the United States Express Company brings out in high relief the ambiguities of the parcel-post situation. This particular express company, once the pet and pride of United States Senator THOMAS C. PLATT, typified that umbilical connection between politics and business which was the basic principle of the old Republican party at the height of its power. It is hard to shed tears over its passing. But it did give service on some 3,300 miles of railroad, and its officers (if not the stockholders) did know how things were going.

The competition that has forced the United States Express Company to dissolve is tax-paid competition, and the public, which pays the taxes involved, does not know what the facts of it are. This is a very good time to insist that Postmaster General BURLESON publish all the facts about parcel-post expenses and receipts instead of merely some of them.

Certainly Not the White House

IN A WASHINGTON EVENING PAPER we find mention of "The Oldest Rubber Stamp House in D. C." Clearly the Capitol is referred to. But which wing?

Resurrection

MOST OF US ought to be keenly interested in death, for we never have been really alive. We have never reached our height, never measured up to what possibilities are within us. The proof is a matter of common observation. A big company gets into serious business difficulties, and the officials, who had been fussy, vain, and pompous, become men again, call their subordinates in and plan the campaign so that everyone goes out a hero—to win. Like KIPLING's gluttonous old Roman general, they become "young again among the trumpets." In flood time a telephone call may mean safety or destruction to many people, and a naturally careless and flippant girl becomes a heroine, sticking to her switchboard all night to send the messages through while a rising river gnaws at the building's foundations. Caught by a cave-in, a foul-mouthed old miner walks off into the gas to die alone so that his younger comrade may have what air there is and the chance of getting back to his family. Some rough fishermen stranded on a perilous reef haul down their signal of distress because they know that a small boat cannot live in that mad sea. So it goes year after year—these people might easily be thought of as ordinary, dull, and mean, the commonest human animals, but when the hour strikes life flames up within them and they rise to meet their fate with as calm a soul as one who goes to pick flowers in his mother's garden. What will this world be like when we get into the habit of living up to something near the best that is in us?

The Conquest of Cucuracha

Six months ago the prism of the Panama Canal was blocked by the "toe" of a landslide at Cucuracha



A month later: cutting out a channel with a hose



In December dredges excavated 321,193 cubic yards



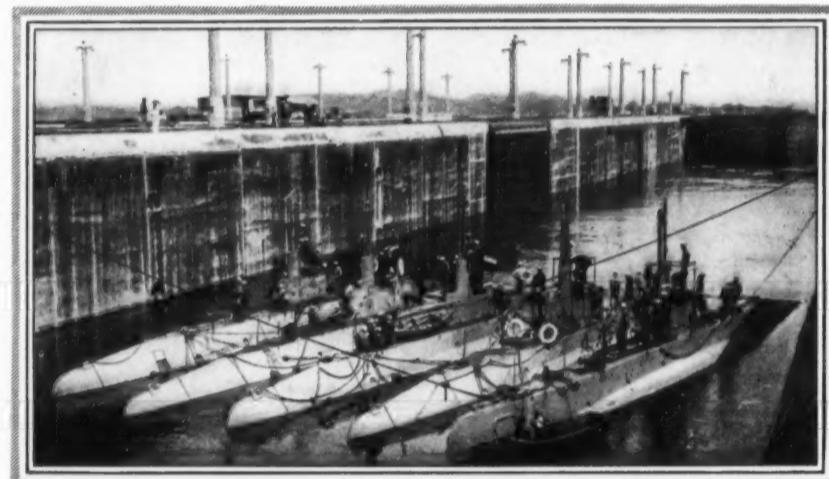
March 15, 1914: Width at the slide, 256 feet; depth, 20 feet. The final width is to be 300 feet; depth, 45 feet

New Tokens of the Progress at Panama

TWO LONG TRAINS
of locomotives—retired
canal builders all!—
stand on sidings north of
Gamboa, Panama, with
boilers cold and caps on
their stacks. They are
not doomed, however, to
rust in a "boneyard."
Their next public serv-
ices probably will be on
government railway
construction in Alaska

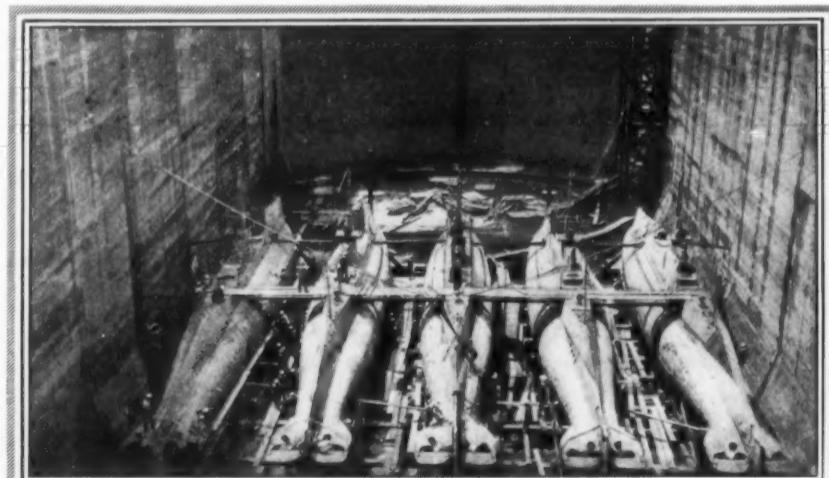


IN ANTICIPATION of
an early arrival of these
locomotives, Alaska al-
ready is celebrating. The
insert in the circle is a
float which led a parade
in Fairbanks, Alaska,
February 23, when the
metropolis of the Tanana
Valley celebrated the pas-
sage of the Alaskan rail-
road bill through the
House of Representatives

A Lock Chamber Serves as a Dry Dock

FIVE submarines of the United States
navy have found dry dock in one of
the Panama Canal's huge lock chambers
at Gatun. In the language of the Canal
Zone's official newspaper, "they were lashed
together in one rank, side by side, and
handled in group. The movements of the

group were controlled by means of four
towing lines, two attached forward and
two aft, each line handled by from ten to
twelve seamen of the division, walking on
the lock walls." The accompanying photo-
graphs show the start and the finish of the
process. The boats are being overhauled.



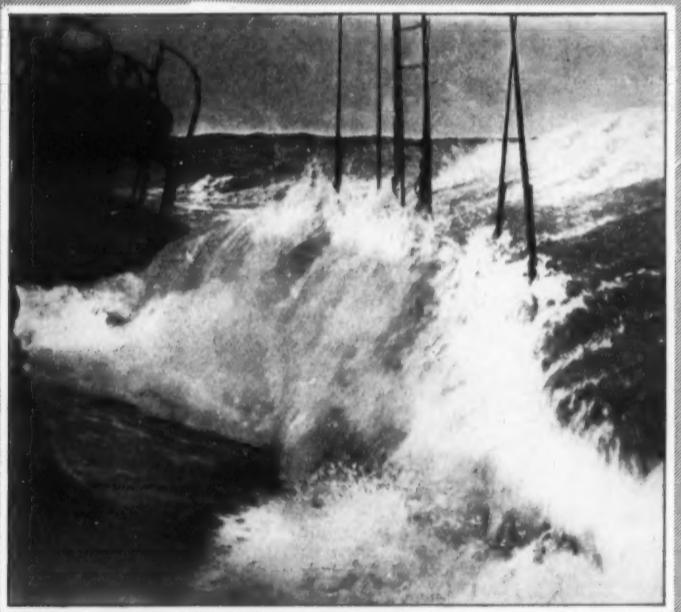
Lock chamber after the water was pumped out. The submarines are being scraped and repainted



Rewrecking the Wreck of the Monroe

ACTING under orders from the War Department, the United States revenue cutter *Onondaga* proceeded to the wreck of the steamer *Monroe*, and with 1,000 pounds of gun-cotton destroyed all of the sunken ship but her hull. Our photograph above shows a diver descending to

place the mines. In the circle at the right is a snapshot of one of the explosions. The *Monroe* was sunk by a collision with the steamer *Nantucket* near Winter Quarter Shoal lightship, off the Virginia coast. The wreck went down in fifty feet of water. Her mast (visible in our



The steamer Berlin battling with an Atlantic hurricane



A mine exploding

upper photograph) and her pilot house, deck house, hatches, and ventilators obstructed navigation. The hull lies deep enough to be no menace. The divers were unable to recover any of the bodies of the forty-one who were drowned.

A Seawoman's Snapshot

THE tradition that a woman on board a freighter is good for nothing but to make trouble does not apply in the case of the wife of Captain Krogh of the Danish steamer *Berlin*. Mrs. Krogh proved her use-

fulness when, in a hurricane during a voyage between a Venezuelan port and Perth Amboy, N. J., she risked her life to take a picture—the one at the left—further to emphasize the necessity of better safety precautions on ocean-going ships. When the storm was at its worst she braced herself against the hand steering wheel on the after deck and snapped a huge wave as it passed over the side of the vessel. The water struck Mrs. Krogh with terrific force, but she protected the camera. Her husband kept her from being swept overboard.



MONSTER CANOES OF THE TYPE SHOWN ABOVE probably will be used by Colonel Roosevelt's party in making the final stages of the journey through southwestern Brazil. In our photograph a canoe described as a "bataloa" is being portaged past one of the upper rapids of the River Madeira



Billie Burke
Uses only the Warner Auto-Meter



Fred Stone
Uses only the Warner Auto-Meter



D. W. Griffith
Uses only the Warner Auto-Meter



Anna Held
Uses only the Warner Auto-Meter



Pauline Frederick
Uses only the Warner Auto-Meter



Gertrude Hoffman
Uses only the Warner Auto-Meter

Again—The Warner Auto-Meter

As in all other circles, the most prominent members of the theatrical profession—the most notable men and women of stageland—the stars who constitute the membership of such famous and exclusive actors' clubs as The Lambs, and The Players, all use the Warner Auto-Meter on their private motor cars.

The Warner Auto-Meter is the predominating speedometer, everywhere that people of wealth and distinction congregate.

At the grand opera in all the large cities only the Warner Auto-Meter was found on all the high-priced cars.

It was the same thing at the Horse Shows. Here again the Warner Auto-Meter was practically the only speedometer being used.

The cars that continually arrive and depart from such fashionable New York places as the Waldorf-Astoria, the Plaza, the Ritz-Carlton, the Biltmore, Sherry's and Delmonico's, are practically in every case equipped with a Warner Auto-Meter.

It is the same at all the fashionable hotels, theatres, clubs, churches, banks, weddings and all great social functions, in all the prominent cities. It is the same at

Cars that carry the Warner Auto-Meter

Ahrens-Fox
American
Anger
Austin
Bailey
Benton
Benz
Brintwell
Buick
Cadillac
Cartercar
Case
Century Electric
Chadwick
Chalmers
Colby
Cole
Crawford
Crescent
Crow

Cunningham
Davis
Detroit Electric
Easton
Federal
Fiat
Gabriel
Great Eagle
Grinnell
Havers
Haynes
Jackson
Jeffery
Keeton
King Truck
Kissell
Locomobile
Lyons-Knight
McFarlan
McLaughlin

all the country clubs, golf clubs, aero clubs. It is the same all over the world.

A careful census of the speedometers they carry, we gather, will show in detail the magnetic type Warner Auto-Meter.

Automobile shows in every city, car manufacturers exhibit the advantage. Each car is in perfect condition as possible.

At the Impo' Show at the Hotel Astor in New York, the world was exhibited.

All but one used the magnetic type Warner Auto-Meter.

Just one solitary car was carried a centrifugal speedometer.

At the New York show at Grand Central Palace—

205 cars out of 237 used the magnetic Type Speedometer.

WARREN AUTO-METER

Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation

Executive Offices: Diversey
Seventeen Branches. Services





Warner Auto-Meter Dominates

clubs, golf clubs, yacht clubs, hunt clubs, the same all the race meets.

Automobiles, and the speedway, never the fashionable world, in practically every single instance the Warner Auto-Meter is being used to the exclusion of other types.

Shows an excellent barometer. Here they exhibit their cars to the very best car finished and equipped as near as possible.

Imps' Show recently held at the Astor Hotel (where the costliest cars were exhibited)—

One hundred and twenty cars were entered in the famous mag-

Warner Auto-Meter.

ary was otherwise equipped. It had a speedometer.

New York Automobile Show held at the Palace—

Out of 237 carried the Mag-

Speedometer.

At the Chicago Automobile Show held at the Coliseum—

205 cars out of 245 carried the Magnetic Type Speedometer.

So you can see yourself how first-class automobile manufacturers have come to completely ignore the unreliable centrifugal speedometer and universally adopt the accurate-for-all-time Magnetic Speedometer.

Right here is an interesting fact: the few car manufacturers who equip their cars with centrifugal instruments do so purely for money-saving reasons. They skimp on the equipment at the expense of the car buyers. They know the centrifugal is an out-of-date instrument, but they put it on for the sake of saving some money. The Magnetic Speedometer costs them considerably more than any other speedometer.

It is a fact that today no automobile manufacturer, who has the interests of his dealers and prospective car buyers at heart, will try to sell his cars with any other but a Magnetic Speedometer. The list below shows that the best cars all use the Warner Auto-Meter—the world's finest and most accurate speed and mileage indicator.

If the car you intend to buy has a Warner Auto-Meter, you may be sure it is a Quality Car.

Cars that carry the Warner Auto-Meter

Marmon	Seagrave
Maxwell	Seitz
Metropol	Simplex
Moline	Spaulding
Multiplex	Speedwell
National	Stafford
Norwalk	Standard
Oakland	Staver
Ogren	Stevens-Duryea
Ohio Electric	Sutts
Olds	Tate
Packard 4-48	Touraine
Peerless	Traveler
Pierce-Arrow	Universal
Pilot	Velie
Premier	Westcott
Republic	White
Russell	Willys-Knight
S. & M.	Winton
S. G. V.	Zimmerman

WARNER AUTOMETER

Warner Corporation, Factories: Beloit and Chicago

Offices: University Boulevard, Chicago.

S. S. Services in all cities and large towns.



Laurette Taylor
Uses only the Warner Auto-Meter



Laurette Taylor
Uses only the Warner Auto-Meter



Christie MacDonald
Uses only the Warner Auto-Meter



When a fellow's got his pipe in his mouth he don't have to say a lot o' fool things. It gives him a chanst t' think up suthin' wuth sayin'.

Velvet Joe

RIGHT, Joe: that's what the college president was driving at when he said that the thinkers of this country were the tobacco users. If every man considered his words for half a pipe full of good, old, slow burning VELVET, there'd be fewer words spoken, but they'd be kinder, wiser words.

VELVET, the Smoothest Smoking Tobacco, is mellowed by more than 2 years' ageing. All the richness, the flavor, and the satisfaction that has won for it the title of "Nature's Pipe Tobacco," is brought to perfection by Nature's own method—patient

ageing. It's what we keep in VELVET, that makes it a cool, fragrant, friendly smoke.

Ask for VELVET

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Copyright 1914

Coupons of Value with VELVET



The Tyranny of Beauty

(Continued from page 7)

of peaches and cream. This complexion was now her chief asset in advertising Zulu Face Food—Zulu made it! And when she got through with her women, ninety-nine in a hundred believed that Zulu made it, and, in proof, handed her a dollar for another just like it—in a jar with a purple ribbon.

SO there she stood and talked one blue streak for hours. Heavens!—what a yarn she told about the discovery and origin of her face food—not a cosmetic, but a solid cream diet for the most delicate 'skin! The old darky woman was now a Zulu princess, a hereditary priestess to a cult of cream that she made in secret for the tribe. The warriors came in for a share—they won their battles on Zulu cream, for they smeared themselves with it from head to foot to make their bodies supple. This wonderful secret food dated back at least to the time of the Queen of Sheba, and, according to a legend of the Zulu tribe, Cleopatra owed the charms with which she captured Antony to its use. And then came the tale of the ancient Zulu princess and my aunt herself—in gratitude for a slight favor the princess on her deathbed had bestowed her precious secret on my aunt, who, after trying it—proving it by the creation of her own wonderful complexion—had decided it was her duty to bestow the cream upon the world.

"Ladies, looka what it's done for me in two months!" She was now exquisitely colored by her excitement. "For one dollar you can have the same—ain't it worth it?—a jar of face food, not a cosmetic, that should last you, used night and morning, three months. (It lasted that way two weeks.) No, madam, this is *not* a cosmetic—it contains no chemicals or other injurious ingredients, and no preservatives. Its purity and the special process by which it's manufactured in our laboratories preserves it without change." She took a dab on her butter knife, held it under the inquirer's nose: "Smella that! You see how pure it is! Yes, one dollar. Thank you.

"Madam, if you will just push up your sleeve—" She took another dab with the knife, buttered the lady's wrist, massaged the spot a few seconds, and wiped the surplus cream off with a bit of Japanese napkin, commanding triumphantly: "There! Smella that! You see now what it will do for you if applied to the face—the only skin food, not a cosmetic, on the market!

Why does your skin ever wrinkle, ladies? Because it is *starved!* Doesn't your stummick wrinkle when it has no food in it? You know it does. Your skin is just the same, only it doesn't show quite so quick—it needs to be fed same as your stummick needs to be fed, and, ladies, whadda you give your poor cheeks to eat? Soap and water! Soap—and—water! Think of it—SOAPY WATER!—that's what you give your faces to eat! Why, ladies, how long could you live on soapy water if you had to feed it to your stummicks? Not one day! You'd be sick in your beds if you gave it a single meal of soapy water, and yet you expect your facial skin—most delicate and sensitive part of your anatomy—most easily injured—to live on food you wouldn't dare to offer to your stummicks—or your husband's stummicks! [This always brought a laugh.] Is there

any lady here who would set a plate of soapy water in front of her husband and tell him: 'There, John, is your supper—soapy water?' Of course not, and yet you'll say to your faces what you wouldn't say to your husbands, and you gotta carry those faces round with you and see them growing wrinkles, and you asking: 'Why?'

"Here's why: You don't feed those wrinkles and give them the chance to fatten out same as a baby's, and I say it serves you right. You can't expect your skin to work for you and keep you beautiful—most beautiful part of a woman is her complexion—if you're too mean to spend money for its natural food. Here, madam, just push up your sleeve—it costs you nothing to see for yourself how your skin will lap up its natural food if you give it the chance.

"What is that, madam? Has this got lanolin or vaseline in it to grow hair on the face? Why, madam, did you ever see a negro man or woman with hair on the face? They all use this preparation—at least, all the old ones before the war. This is a facial hair discourager—it prevents the growth of hair, as you can see if you'll looka my face—do you see any hair on me?

"Madam—I mean that lady with the roses in her hat—if you don't take care of your complexion now, you'll have none to take care of by the time you're twenty-five. [The woman was forty if a day! Up she stepped and bought a jar of cream.] Madam—I mean the lady with the brown waist—what an exquisitely delicate skin you must have had when you was a young girl that it can look that way now—peaches and cream—and how you must have neglected it. [She was an ancient dame of leathern visage.] I don't say that Zulu Face Food will bring back the roses of youth, but it will work wonders for you even yet—it will cure those wrinkles and make you feel like a girl again."

I NOTICED that if ever she called attention to a woman and made a horrible example of her for the rest to see, my aunt always managed to turn a compliment and held out a hope at the same time and never hurt anybody's feelings. That was the Irish in her. But, having made her point personally, she at once

turned attention away from the victim by a general appeal: "Ladies, don't you think it's worth a dollar to be young again? To see yourselves beautiful when you look in the glass? A woman's only as old as she looks—then why look old? If your skin is young, you are young—any scientist will tell you that—any medical book, if you look under 'Skin' and read what it says. All you need to do is to feed those wrinkles. Madam, take care of that delicate skin before it is too late and feed those wrinkles!"

I believe that a delicate skin is woman's chief vanity on earth. If she has the hide of a walrus, she still wants to be told

she has a delicate skin—or had when she was a girl, which is why it is leather now—too delicate for this wicked world! Thus the talk flowed on and on, interspersed with the command, "Feed those wrinkles," shot off every five minutes. But I was more bewildered than elated. Zulu princess and "our laboratories" indeed! The back kitchen, a saucepan, a wooden spoon, and pink jars to hold



The fellow who used to bully the little boys returns and sees one of his former victims

the glorified lard after we'd converted it into a heathen face food with stirring and a few drops of scent!

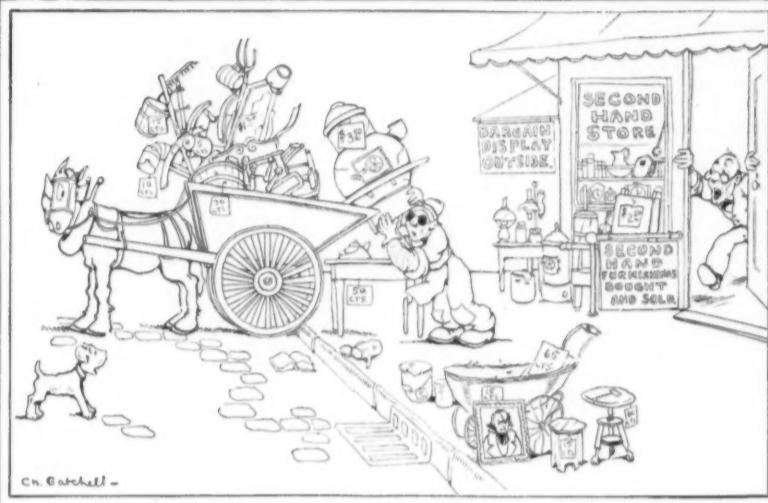
Never shall I forget the picture that my grandmother made off at one side in her black, respectable shawl and widow's weeds, her round, kind old face in open-mouthed astonishment and a sort of awe at the spectacle of her daughter pedaled on a box behind a barricade of pink jars holding up that crowd of women for their dollars!—women that jostled and dug elbows to get nearer, thrusting out scrawny wrists or dilapidated cheeks to "try it" because it cost nothing to try, then reaching bony hands over heads to wave dollar bills and snatch pink jars in which they thought to find—an Irish girl's complexion!

The face food gave out before the buyers. It was a record-breaking demonstration, partly because it was a novelty to the big crowd there, though mostly, I think, because it was do or die with my aunt—she had to prove her con-

tention—"My goods sell big!"—to make the proprietor stock them; and she did. She came home that night with a hundred and forty dollars in her pocket and an established reputation and a paying business on her hands. Barrels of money, it seemed to me in those days; and if in the background of my mind there floated misgivings as to the moral aspect of the Zulu princess and "our habbatory," in the foreground I was choked with admiration. Wonderful Aunt Maggie!

My grandmother, who had watched the show an hour, uttered no comment until after supper; then, regarding her daughter with an aged, enigmatic smile, she brought forth: "And they let you put that hog fat on their skins! Only perfumed pork grease!—and all those women tumbling over themselves to pay a dollar for what cost you a cent!" and slowly shook her head as at a world beyond her comprehension.

(To be continued next week)



The perfectly natural mistake of a near-sighted ash man on "clean-up" day

Capturing the Delegate

(Concluded from page 14)

honor. The night, for the partners, wore drearily into the morning. Krenkel rejoined them, and the trio retired to the stag room, where they quietly ate, drank, and smoked until the welcome strains of "Home, Sweet Home" filtered through from above. Yankel turned up with the girl, dressed for the street and clinging to his arm. The partners gloomily followed after. For some weeks Blumberg was troubled. He went about his routine in the shop absent-mindedly, and at times stopped meditatively before Yankel's machine. That gay young man never noticed. The contractor observed that his townsman was quickly getting Americanized. He noted his broad collar, flashy tie, heavy striped shirt, and patent-leather pumps, with gauze silk socks to match the tie. Yes, he was a ladies' man, every square inch of him; worse luck, he was just a vain, frivolous fellow given to imitating American conceits, while the other was serious and substantial. As he got to know Krenkel he liked him better, and found that, when approached in a frank, personal way, his fanaticism vanished and he would discuss matters, even the union, in a broad, tolerant spirit. His rough battling with the world, his treating with employers for masses of untutored workers, had ripened his views. The contractor had begun to value the delegate as a man. But how was he to undo his own matchmaking? To talk to his daughter about Krenkel after all he had said about Yankel certainly would not help.

SO matters were drifting when one morning the telephone in Blumberg's office rang loudly. Blumberg, answering, heard his wife sobbing. "Vat iss, vat iss, Sarah?" he cried. The sobs continued. All manner of possible catastrophes ran through his mind. He managed eventually to make out: "Rifka is gone!" He rushed into the shop and looked in the direction of Yankel's machine. Yankel was not there. He went back and threw himself on the sofa. "Joost as I thought—I haf mineself only to plame—only mineself," he kept repeating in anguished tones. "Dot goot-for-noddings! He guessed I vonted Rifka for somebody else, und he runs away

mit her." The partner here walked in. Seeing the distress of Blumberg, he summoned the boy to run for a doctor. "No, no, Yoseph!" the stricken one moaned; "it ain't a toctor I vant—toctors can't mend a fadder's broking heart—a fadder's broking heart, Yoseph!"

"Vat, Rifka, you mean? Rifka got married—who, vat?" ejaculated the other.

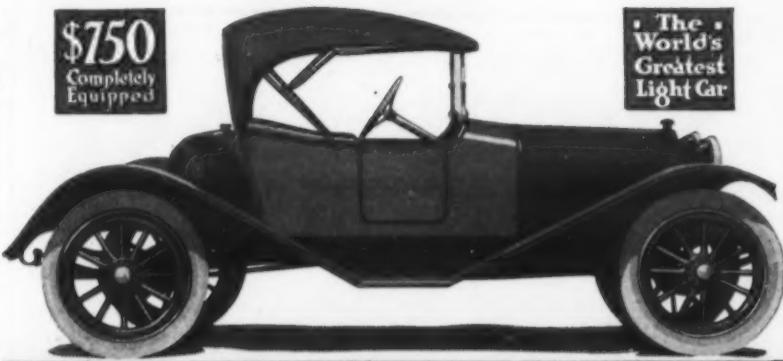
BLUMBERG got up and pointed dramatically to the spot where the landsman should have been. Goldfarb understood. He snatched his hat and made for the door. "Nefer you mind, Mosh," came back, "Rifka iss a schmart maidel." He ran to the delegate's lodgings. He had gone with a suit case and left word that he would be back in a few days. From there he rushed to the union office. Krenkel had not been seen, but had telephoned that he was going away for an urgent vacation. The partner chuckled. Back to the office he flew.

"Come down and haf a schnaaps!" he cried, "I haf someding to tell you!" He led the limp partner into the private room of a corner café and ordered the best cognac to be had. He filled the glasses to the brim and ordered the other to drink with him. Mechanically Blumberg obeyed and his spirits rose. There was something in his partner's manner that was cheering. Goldfarb stood up. "Now, Mosh," he said solemnly, "didn't I tell you Rifka was a schmart maidel. She 'loped, yes, and mit who do you slobbos?" There was a strained pause as the speaker looked into the face of the other. "Krenkel!" Blumberg slowly got up and extended his hand. Tears freely coursed down his face. The two clasped warmly and long. "She was a schmart maidel," Goldfarb took it up again, "but she god fooled all right. She dinks you was all for Yankel."

"Ah," cried the father, "it iss fine, aber for vy I vasted all my cigars ven he do all I vont anyhow!"

"Dot iss no reasoning, no," Goldfarb put immense emphasis into a kind of thunderous whisper. "It was, Mosh, not a couple but a dribble pargain. You safes der weddink expense und der bresent too."

\$750
Completely
Equipped



The
World's
Greatest
Light Car

VULCAN

A Better Car for Less Money

PERHAPS you are one of the thousands who visited and admired the Vulcan display at the automobile shows this season. Possibly you said to us: "This is a splendid car—at a very attractive price. It has class lines, and all the up-to-date equipment, including electric lights—with a real unit power plant—powerful and speedy. Your price of \$750 for the "Speedster" is right! It is the lowest price at which a man's size car can be built and built right. The car appeals to me—but can you make deliveries? If you can, it is the car I want!"

Not an Assembled Car:

The building of the chassis complete (including axles, transmission, steering gear, clutch, etc.) and every part that enters into these various units is done in our own shops. We even build our own bodies. Our castings are made in our own foundry. The sheet-metal work (for bodies, hoods and fenders) is done in our own shops by machinery designed for economical production.

The Car for Physicians:

This is the ideal car for physicians and professional men who demand a car with class lines. The speedy and powerful Vulcan fills a long-felt want for the busy man who needs a sturdy car that will stand hard, continuous service—with small tire and gasoline bills. Over-size bearings in Vulcan Cars insure longer life and smooth operation.

Vulcan Sales Policy:

The most modern methods and up-to-the-minute equipment, plus quantity output, are necessary to produce this car at the minimum of labor cost and at the same time to maintain the highest degree of perfection. This is the only way that the cost of production can be reduced to a point where it is possible to furnish this high-grade car at a popular price.

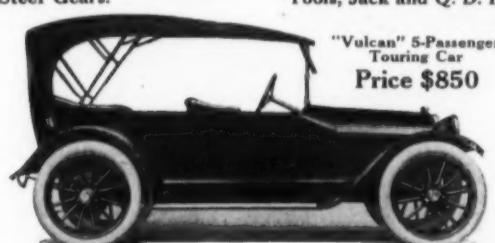
Immediate Deliveries:

Now let us set your mind at rest on the delivery point. We are making shipments daily. We can and will fill any reasonable demands you make on us for this car.

THE VULCAN PLATFORM

27 Horse Power
3½" Bore, 5" Stroke
Unit Power Plant, 3-point suspension
105" Wheelbase "Speedster"
115" Wheelbase "Touring Car"
32 x 3½" Tires all-round
Transmission, Selective Sliding Gear,
3 Speeds forward and reverse.
Nickel Steel Gears.

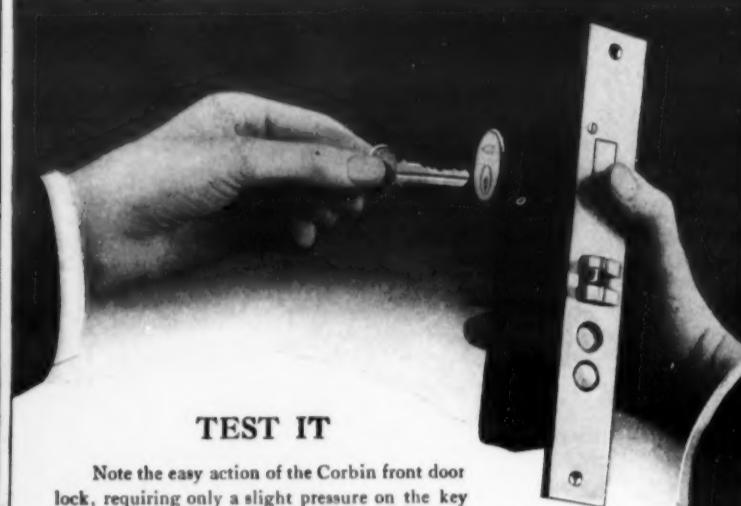
5-Pinion Bevel Gear Differential,
Chrome Nickel Steel Gears.
Left Side Drive. Center Control
"Streamline" Bodies
Electric Lights
Full Equipment, consisting of Top
and Slip Cover, Windshield, Speed-
ometer, Electric Lights and Horn,
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"Vulcan" 5-Passenger
Touring Car
Price \$850

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Safety First



TEST IT

Note the easy action of the Corbin front door lock, requiring only a slight pressure on the key to retract the latch bolt. Note the ease with which the key is inserted and withdrawn, without sticking or binding. Note the general strength and solidity; also the fact that when in use the face of the cylinder is the only part visible from the outside when the door is closed, and that the narrow, sinuous key way affords no chance for the use of picking tools. Then you will understand some of the reasons why Corbin locks are favorites with architects and house owners.

Any dealer in Corbin Hardware will show you our locks, or we will send you circulars on request.

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NEW BRITAIN, CONNECTICUT

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Two Plugs In One

Look at the smaller illustration.

This shows the mica-wound sleeve slid partly out of the porcelain shell which protects the mica from oil.

Porcelain is oil-proof, but at best is fragile. Mica is unbreakable, but readily absorbs oil.

Thus, the Blitz is doubly insulated, combining the virtues of the mica plug and the porcelain plug without the weakness of either.

Then to make assurance doubly sure, over all is placed an outer jacket of the toughest and strongest porcelain obtainable.

Even should both porcelains be broken, the sleeve of mica would still keep the spark jumping at full strength.

That is why it is known as

Blitz

"The Spark That Never Fails"

The larger illustration shows how handsomely the Blitz Spark Plug is finished. The outer porcelain jacket—finished in rich bronze blue—gives additional strength and sturdiness—protecting the inner plug from moisture and breakage. The shell is of cold rolled steel, carefully polished



and case hardened. The top nuts heavily nickled.

For service, appearance and faithfulness, the Blitz Spark Plug is not equalled—our guarantee tag is attached to every plug—a guarantee against deterioration, against failure through defective material or workmanship.

A very good reason why you should equip your car with the Blitz now and end your spark plug troubles

Made in all sizes for domestic and foreign cars. Special type for Ford Cars. Special type for motorcycles.

Ask your hardware or accessory dealer. All styles \$1.00 everywhere. If your dealer does not have them send his name and \$4.00 for a set of four plugs.

THE RANDALL-FAICHNEY CO. JAMAICA PLAIN STA. BOSTON, MASS.
Makers of Jericho, "The Horn That Says Please" for automobiles and motorcycles

the stately Latin words. "Did he choose that reticent epitaph himself, do you know? It would be like what I've read of him."

"Yes, it would be like him, but it was more like him not to choose any, I think. He even stated in his will that he didn't wish any laudatory words put on his gravestone, and so his son got round it rather well, I think, by quoting that bit from Sallust. It agrees so exactly with the father's views on the subject—each best man preferred to do rather than to say."

"It's the old statesman in a nutshell," said Patton musingly. "Fine stock you come from, old man."

OWEN also stood musing on the simple headstone.

"They say I hark back to that Owen," he said at last. "He was a man of enormous strength and violent passions."

"Yes, so I've heard—so I've heard," said Patton hastily. "Could tear a double 'deck' of cards in two, I believe, and tie a poker round his neck like a cravat."

"So tradition says."

"Member of the House of Burgesses, Councillor of State, Commissioner for boundary lines, treaties with Indians, explorer, patriot, what didn't the old fellow do? You'll have to look lively to keep up with him, Owen."

Owen shook his head.

"I'm afraid he'd disinherit me if he had the power," he said. "Whatever he was, I'm sure he wasn't socialistic in tendency."

As they turned to go, Patton said:

"I hope you'll have a son some day to carry on the old name."

"I hope so," said Owen quietly.

They struck through a field to the left and, entering the woods, began to climb the mountain.

"That's a lovely child you've married, Owen," said Patton presently. "She's going to make a splendid woman. You must cosset her up a bit now, though. We neglected her rather badly during all this turmoil. I've an idea she doesn't feel quite as strong as she pretends to."

He gave one of his shrewd, sidelong glances at Owen, but the dark face was quite unconscious. "Doesn't know yet," thought Patton. "Just as well, too. Might get to worrying badly over what all this might mean to her."

So Mary had been right after all.

THE chief memory that Richard brought out of the dark undertow of death was that of a gigantic Face that reached from the heavens to the uttermost depths of that sea in which he seemed alternately to drown and with agony to float upward. And whether he sank smothering, or floated racked by the tossing of angry waves which seemed to be jerking his bones asunder, always that vast Face, turgid with annihilating wrath, glared at him.

It was against this Face that he struggled and shrieked, in such moments as the opiates relaxed their hold on him, and when the strong tentacles of Morphia wrapped him again, holding him numb and heavy in those black depths, it was at this Face, glaring down at him as through miles of sullen water, that he moaned and muttered feebly.

Even after he regained his senses and began slowly, so slowly, to mend, this Face, remembered, was a torture. And lying there, transfixed by weakness and the heavy plaster in which his right arm was still set, he would strive pitifully, by the hour, to recall exactly what had happened, to put into some sequence the events which had preceded his illness.

What had he said? He could not recall the words. They had been in the rose garden, the snow was very smooth and deep, she had stared at him with helpless rage as one impaled might stare at the executioner. Yes, that was the way it had begun. But afterward? Only the memory of that kind Face made hideous by fury would come to him, of that Face and the lifted stick.

And how much did his mother know? Did they all know? Had she told everyone?

World's-End

(Continued from page 18)

thing by now? How long ago had it all happened? What was to come next?

One day when he could bear it no longer he lay gathering his scattered forces for a long time, then just managed to articulate: "Mother—"

She was on her knees by him in a second, her face close to his.

"My precious boy—don't exert yourself. I'm here—I'm always here—"

He looked down at his bandaged arm in the cast, heavy as stone.

"How?" he whispered.

"It was that cursed horse—Ironmonger, the vicious colt. Don't, don't think about it, my darling! Charles Patton says you will be quite, quite well again—as well and strong as ever, my darling—my own precious boy."

Richard smiled weakly at her and let his eyes close.

So that was what they had said!

He was too weak to follow it out. He fell shortly into a deep sleep.

AWEEK later Hannah brought a little note to Sally from Owen as during one of Richard's heavy, still drugged sleeps she was taking a few moments to comb out her hair, now almost entirely gray. This startled her a little. Things startled her very easily nowadays. The color settled on her cheek bones as she read:

DEAR SALLY: I write because I want to make sure that you will come at once, and not think this only an ordinary message. Patton is with me and I wish very much to consult you about something.

OWEN.

"Where is he?" she said to Hannah, scrutinizing the little dark face to find whether it were in the secret. But Hannah knew nothing, and her face was serene and unconscious, though it looked grave, as all faces did during that time at World's-End.

"He and the doctor's in the steady, Miss Sally," she said. "Mr. Owen said he'd like to see you right away, please, while Mr. Richard's asleep."

Sally went slowly downstairs to Owen's study, cogitating deeply all the way. Her heart had begun to beat quickly. Could it, might it be—something about that dark secret that hung over her always?

She entered and still holding the knob of the study door in her hand looked steadily at the two men who were standing before the fire.

OWEN came forward and taking her hand gently led her to a chair.

"Well?" said Sally dryly, looking from one to the other of them. "This is rather like being brought before the Holy Vehme—" Patton came to the rescue.

"The fact is, Sally," he said, "Owen has something that he feels he must tell you. There's nothing whatever in it to alarm you, but it will probably upset you a good deal. I want you to take this if your heart begins thumping." He pushed a little glass toward her. "I shall go into the library until you and Owen have finished."

He got up without more ado and left the room.

Sally had grown very pale. Her thin hands were locked hard together upon her knee. Suddenly the grayness of her thick hair framing her dark, sallow face struck Owen as terribly pathetic. It was as if she were crowned with the ashes of her burnt-out life.

He came and stood near her looking down at her. His lip quivered.

"Sally," he said at last, "we've been awfully fond of each other—"

"Why do you say 'we have been'?" she broke in sharply, her figure rigid, her heart taking still quicker rhythm. "What is it, Owen? For God's sake let me have it quick—"

He grew so white that she got up and stood close to him, putting her hand on his shoulder.

"Is it about Richard?"

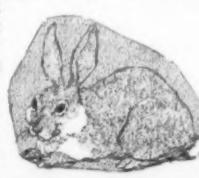
"Yes."

She took her hand from his shoulder and put it to her heart.

"And—and—you?"

"Yes, Sally."

"And—"



After 10,000 Miles

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This is why Reo the Fifth has so long held a unique and envied place.

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Now all the costly machinery we built for this chassis has been charged against previous output. We enter this year with that item wiped out. This saving,

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Reo the Fifth, with electric starter, last year sold for \$1,395 equipped. This year's model, better equipped, sells for \$1,175. Mainly as a result of clinging for years to one perfected chassis. That a car like this can be built at this price is the marvel of the times in Motordom.

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We give you luxurious upholstery, perfect finish, big tires. We have made the beauty of this car match our engineering.

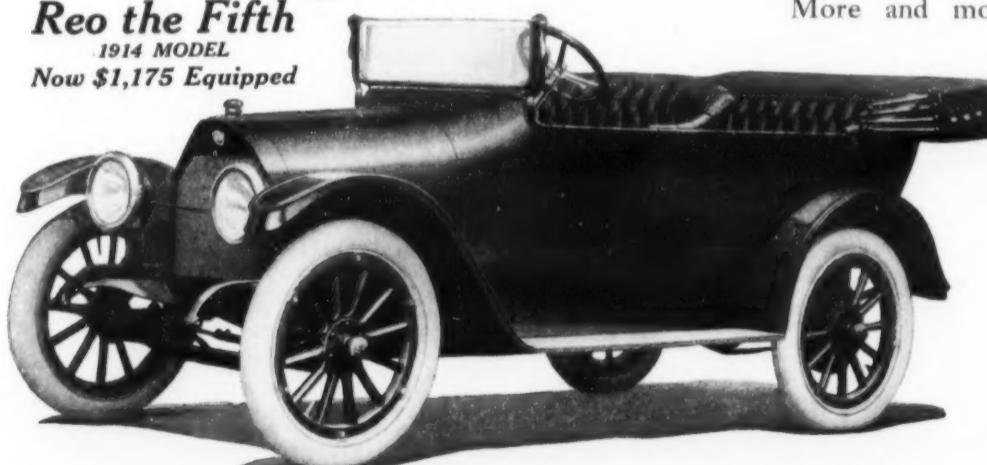
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Reo the Fifth appeals to men who buy their cars to keep. Men who want cars to stay new. The demand has grown and grown. Last year's sale exceeded all records by 30 per cent. And the evidence is that this year's demand will far exceed our output.

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\$250 Life Certificate I am under 55 years of age. My name, business address and occupation are written below.

He spoke in a firmer tone, forcing himself to meet her eyes:

"It's about us all, Sally. You, me, Richard—" He paused. "—Phoebe," he ended almost inaudibly.

Sally dropped back into her chair as if from a blow, and covered her face with her thin, twitching hands.

She heard Owen's voice saying:

"Take this—there's worse to come," and felt the touch of the wine glass against her hand. Still keeping one hand against her cheek, she drank the medicine mechanically.

"Worse?" she then whispered with that little croak that intense emotion brought to her voice.

"Much worse, my poor girl—I want to tell you—I must tell you—Sally, 'Ironmonger' didn't savage Richard. He wasn't hurt by a horse—He—"

He turned with his back to her staring into the fire. He did not choose to see her face, not that she should see his in that moment.

"It was I—who did it," he said very low, but distinctly. She did not stir or utter a sound. He went on without looking round. "I've always known," he said. "I mean about Richard and—" he paused again—"and—Phoebe."

Still she did not stir or speak. He went on. "He said some vile words to her. I went mad—I had father's ash in my hand—"

HE stopped and the silence seemed muffled and roaring as when one's hands are over one's ears.

Then at last she spoke.

"I knew it," she said in a deathly voice. "I knew it—it would—come. Oh, God!" She screamed on the word suddenly as when Patton had told her that Richard would live. "My brother—my son!" Patton wrenched open the door and dashed to her. He took her bodily in his arms and laid her upon the great leather lounge.

"Go—" he said under his breath to Owen. "Go away—quick!"

Owen went out and straight to his own bedroom. He locked the door and sinking into a chair by the bed, hid his face in his arms against the pillow.

IT was not until the middle of February that Richard was strong enough to be moved. He passionately desired to get away from World's-End and Patton thought it the best thing for him.

They had decided to take him to a piney seacoast in Georgia, and Patton and Mary were to accompany them on the journey, Mary staying on to be with Sally. Miss Lee was also to be kept on until Richard was quite strong again.

Two days before they left, Owen came to the door of Sally's room.

"Come in, Owen," she said, recognizing his knock.

He entered and went toward her hesitatingly, but she came to meet him. She had been very ill after that second terrible blow and her face had that grayish look that seems like a fine dust fallen from Death's wings in passing. She came right up to him and put her hands on his shoulders. Her great eyes were inscrutable and unfathomably sad.

"After all—" she said, "—my brother—"

Owen's face began to twitch. He hid it on her thin shoulder. She put her hand up to it. He could feel her rings cold through his hair.

"The bitterness of death—" he heard her whisper. "Is past."

They sat silent for a long time, close together and gazing into the fire hand in hand, as when they had been children.

Then Owen stirred and taking a legal paper from his breast, laid it upon her knee.

"What is it?" she asked recoilingly.

"For Richard," he said gently.

"For—?"

She took up the paper and turned it curiously in her hands.

"What is it?" she asked again.

"My will, Sally."

"You—you?"

"I have left him the estate in Florida, and some property on Broadway."

"You have—You—?"

SHE could not articulate. Suddenly she, who never wept, leaned down across his knees and cried as if her poor, sick heart would break.

Perhaps the most insupportable moment of Richard's life was that in which his mother put the copy of his uncle's will upon the counterpane and told him of its contents. One harsh exclamation broke from him, a dark flush bathed his face — then he turned it away, and even her tender coaxing could not win a word from him for hours.

ON the eve of their departure from World's-End, about midnight, Giles, who was a very light sleeper, was roused by the gleam of a shaded candle in the nursery. Thinking that it was Phoebe come to ask her help about something, she raised herself on her elbow behind the bed curtains preparatory to getting up. Then, rather indignant and perhaps a little alarmed, she kept quite still, watchful, ready to pounce at the least sign of anything unusual. For it was not Phoebe who stood there by the baby's crib with that shaded candle, but the grim, dark lady with the bony hands and hard black eyes that Giles

'couldn't abide.' Her long dressing gown of violet velvet hung on her emaciated body and trailed out behind her like a pall. She looked, as I'm a Christian, for all the world like a dismal coffin stood on its end," Giles told Hannah the next day. "It was like some grisly visitation to see her a-standin' there in the bowels o' the night, creep-mousin' them graveyardish eyes o' horn over the blessed lamb, and her that innocent a-slumberin' on as though a angel of the Lord was come to kiss her."

Giles could not tell how long that solemn, ominous figure stood there; she had no watch by her, but when it finally withdrew her arm was all "pins and needles" she told Hannah.

Deep, deep in her heart, as on a sensitive film, Sally was fixing the face of her sleeping grandchild. She knew that she might never see it again, though they had assured her that with care she might live for many years. Still—

SHADING the flame with her thin fingers in which the bones showed painfully through the flesh, thus made gold and transparent, she bent over and kissed the little face. The baby screwed all her wee features into a bunch of protest, and vigorously with the back of one hand she scrubbed her mouth and bulldog nose, as though a cobweb had suddenly blown across them. Then with a smiling sigh and stretch that arched her whole little body from head to feet, sucking comfortably her own lower lip, she sank again into her fragrant sleep.

Giles, on whom in her uncovered state



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Sketches from Away Back

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a draft had been playing, here sneezed so violently that her head bobbed downward. When she looked up, the tall, violet-shrouded figure was gone.

When Sally reached her own room again she in her turn was startled by a figure that stood near the fire, and turned to meet her—a figure with half-scared, yet very brave, dilated eyes, and a long rope of sorrel gold hanging across one shoulder.

"Cousin Sally," said Phoebe in that muted voice of hers, "I—I—couldn't bear to say 'good-by' before the others. I—I—want to thank you—"

"To thank me, child?" broke in Sally, with a fierce sound that was half mirth, half misery. "You have little to thank me for, I must say."

"You—you—were kind to me—once—" murmured Phoebe, her voice shaken by the beating of her heart.

SUDDENLY Sally's face relaxed.

"We have all suffered," she said.

A silence fell.

"Would you—would you like to see the baby—alone?" ventured Phoebe, almost whispering.

"Thank you, I have just seen her."

"Then—good-by, Cousin Sally. I—I am sorry for all that—that's come on you—through me."

"There was blame on both sides," said Sally firmly.

"Could you—" Phoebe began trembling all over. "Could you—forgive us—me and—my baby?" she said, her teeth chattering.

Sally shrugged the heavy violet garment from her gaunt shoulders with a quick, dexterous movement. With her deft, nervous hands, almost in the same movement, she threw it about Phoebe.

"There—you were catching cold," she said. "Good night. There is a great deal that we can all forgive one another. Good night. Good-by."

The next morning, when the time drew near for Richard and Sally to leave World's-End, Owen took Phoebe in his arms, and told her to walk toward Logan's Wood, and that as soon as the carriage had driven off he would catch her up. She obeyed him silently.

When she reached the high field at the wood's edge, she sat down on a log to wait for him.

TO her left lay World's-End in its smoke of winter trees, and below, straight away on every side, the broad valley heaved softly to the sea. As on that terrible day, just before the New Year, snow wrapped the quiet earth. White and blue, as though dedicated to the Virgin, was the lovely day. Then Phoebe's heart checked. She put up her hands to it and her eyes grew black.

A carriage had emerged from the gateway of the southern lawn. It went at a slow, steady trot along the road toward Crewe. Strange and out of place it looked in the spotless landscape, slowly moving like some great beetle numbed with cold crawling along the soft ermine of the snow.

And yet, in that small, black, glistening box, so quaintly mounted on its orange wheels, Nemesis herself was being borne away, her dark wings crumpled, her bow broken, her shafts unfeathered.

As in a strange, white dream, on which this one blot had fallen from some ink well of the recording gods, Phoebe, hand on heart, watched the black, shining patch slowly, steadily receding over the snowy fields.

And now Owen's voice spoke close beside her. She started at her name, and sprang up. He took her hand in his, and thus, hand in hand, they both stood watching that beetlelike shape that grew smaller and smaller as it went from them across the valley.

SUDDENLY, high overhead, a buzzard came slanting down the upper strata of the air. Below him his dark shadow glided over the dazzling snow. He tacked, flying in the direction of the carriage. And these three dark objects, one high in air, one tracking the pure snow, one stealing over it, yet leaving no stain behind—all went from them toward the far horizon line.

Then the carriage disappeared into the "flat woods"—the buzzard wheeled and dropped, his shadow vanishing with him. All was white and immaculate again.

She turned and faced Owen with a tremulous, wondering smile. He held out his arms to her.

THE END



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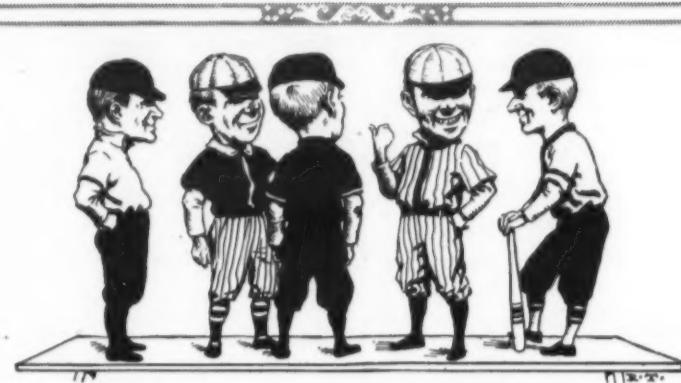
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Picking the Flag Winners

(Continued from page 8)

is a very nice thing if properly used. Ball players, however, can't drive fifty and sixty miles every day without paying the penalty. It uses up a lot of much-needed energy to sit at the wheel for that distance daily. All players need every bit of energy possible to be at their best. Some of my players for that very reason didn't show their real worth. Failure of these players to deliver eliminated the club as a factor. Critics are now counting my club out of the running for next year. They are making a mistake. The Athletics are still a great ball club. The "Too Much Prosperity" sign will have vanished, and the players will show old-time form. You must figure the Athletics in considering the 1913 pennant winner."

Connie Mack handed out a lot of wisdom when he cut loose with that interview. The next year the Athletics came back determined to play baseball and treat all other forms of amusement as side issues. Boston, picked to win, was never in the running, three clubs nosing out the champions. With the exception of a bad slump late in the season, the Athletics played marvelous ball last year, and topped it off with a splendid performance in the big series. It was a great ball club asserting its class.

For the last three or four years, in considering the Athletics, much stress has always been laid on the pitching staff. Chief Bender and Eddie Plank, the two great veterans, are annually discussed at much length when anyone dopes out the chances of Mack's team.

This year there is another doubtful quantity, the clever Jack Coombs. It is not a question of age or service with Coombs, but a matter of illness.

The Old Guard Again

I LOOK for Eddie Plank and Chief Bender to be of great service to Manager Mack this year. Bender took fine care of himself last year, and never did the big Indian look better to me. He should continue to win with his consistent regularity, for no pitcher in the game understands the art of pitching more thoroughly than the "Big Chief." Eddie Plank is a young man at 39, but old in the game of baseball. Few pitchers are able to stand the big-league pace at Plank's age. Most of them have gone into retirement, or are back in the bushes at a much earlier period. Plank is compelled to conserve his strength carefully. He works slowly. No longer can he step along as he did years ago, but he is still a wonderful pitcher, a hard man to beat.

Digging Up Youngsters

CONNIE MACK, however, realizes that Bender, Plank, and Coombs cannot go on pitching forever, and is carefully strengthening his fences for that very happening. That he has a promising youngster in Joe Bush there can be no question. "Bullet Joe," as the players call him, surely demonstrated the fact to a crowd of about 30,000 people at the third game of the big series. In Carl Brown, Mack has another clever twirler. Like the other youngsters on Mack's pitching staff, control is the only thing Brown lacks; of curves and speed he has plenty. Pitcher Houck is the deep, dark mystery of the Athletics' pitching staff. Few pitchers in the majors have more stuff than this youngster, yet he has failed to develop as he should, considering his wonderful natural ability.

There is one member of Mack's pitching staff of whom the public knows very little, yet this youngster has unusual promise. The pitcher in question is Wyckoff, who received most of his early baseball education at Bucknell University.

sty. That Wyckoff has plenty of natural ability is a certainty. He has one of the best curves I have ever seen, also a corking good fast ball. Last summer I was sitting on the bench with Chief Bender, discussing the young pitchers on the Athletics. Wyckoff was warming up with Ira Thomas. Every ball he pitched cracked loudly as it struck the big mitt of the veteran backstop.

"That fellow looks like a mighty fine prospect," I remarked to Bender, who was watching the youngster closely.

"He is going to be a great pitcher, or I don't know a thing about the game," he replied. "Notice that curve of his—it certainly is a beauty. When he gets control there are a lot of batters who will suffer a shrinkage in their batting averages. Wyckoff wants to learn and can be taught. Once you point out a mistake to him, he doesn't very often make the same error again. Some youngsters believe they know more about pitching when they come to the big league than the fellows who have been in the organization for years. You can't tell such fellows anything. They are liable to be criticising your work. Most of them soon drift back to the minors. Wyckoff isn't that kind of a fellow. He listens to everything you tell him, and then tries to profit by what he hears. I'm pulling for that fellow." If anyone should know a pitcher when he sees one, that person is Chief Bender. What he has to say about Wyckoff would lead one to believe Mack has a diamond in the rough.

Any way you figure the American League race, the Athletics keep staring you in the face. The famous infield should be as good as, if not better, than in former years. The outfield should show to better advantage, as both Strunk and Murphy are bound to show improvement after a year of service as regulars.

Schang, the wonderful young catcher, will be of more value to his club than last year, when he was an important cog in the Athletics' machinery.

How Washington Looks

MANAGER Griffith of the Washington club has his work cut out for him. His wonderful showing the past two years in handing his club in second place has set the fans of the National Capital wild. For many years Washingtonians had been so accustomed to having the home team finish last that it would have been regarded as a miracle to have had the club finish at the head of the second division. Two years of high-class baseball has entirely changed the sentiment of the fans. Now all that Washington craves and talks about is a pennant winner. It is a rather ticklish position for the manager. Griffith, however, has a good ball club. Its fine work in the last two campaigns has been no fluke.

Walter Johnson is of course Griffith's one best bet. Last year Griffith developed a mighty nifty left-hander in Joe Boehling. In Jim Shaw, a big right-hander who joined the club late last fall, Washington appears to have picked up a star. Built on the lines of Walter Johnson, possessing terrific speed, and a very good curve, Shaw looms up as a great possibility. I worked the first two or three games Shaw pitched and marveled at his ability. Washington will bear watching.

Over in Cleveland Manager Joe Birmingham has one of the toughest jobs on record—an assignment almost as hard as the one that confronts Manager Doolin of the Phillies. His club was well up in the running all last year. He had a great chance to overhaul the Athletics until Washington, using the old hoodoo, beat the Naps five times in a row and threw them out of the race.

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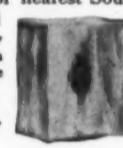
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Write for name of nearest South Bend jeweler and our little complimentary brochure, "Character in Watches." Mailed free on request.

The South Bend Watch Company, 4 Colton St., South Bend, Ind. (218)



Now with Falkenberg, the club's most consistent winner, missing from the box, another blow was delivered at the Cleveland infield in spring training.

Sliding to second one afternoon shortstop Ray Chapman broke his ankle, putting him out of it for a good part of the year. Chapman like Falkenberg was a star and no club can afford to lose two stars.

Cleveland is up against a hard proposition unless baseball luck comes her way. It is about time, for luck has gone the other way from Cleveland for the last thirty years.

Will Ed Walsh, wizard of the spitball come back? The pennant hopes of the Chicago team largely depend on the form shown by the "Iron Man." Last year Walsh was of little service to his ball club. The strain of overwork and the excessive use of the spitball put the big fellow out of the running, temporarily at least. Reports from the training camp of the White Sox state that Walsh is confident he will be as good as ever. If Walsh is able to render old-time service, the White Sox are bound to be troublesome. "Reb" Russel, the 1913 sensation, will win many



Feminine Voice from Above—"If you find anyone, John, be severe with him"

a game through the cunning of his strong left arm. Jim Scott is conceded to be one of the greatest pitchers in the game and Joe Benz is always a hard man to beat.

Can the Red Sox Come Back?

MANAGER BILL CARRIGAN hopes to get the Boston Red Sox back into their stride after a disappointing season in 1913. Bill is of the opinion that his club was a victim of the same ailment that overtook the Athletics in 1912—too much prosperity. Injuries robbed Boston last summer of a number of its stars, prominent among whom being "Smoky Joe" Wood. He was of little use during the entire season. Taking Wood from Boston is like depriving Washington of Walter Johnson. It is needless to figure how that would affect the Nationals. If Wood is back in form this year, naturally this team will be greatly benefited. He recently was operated upon for appendicitis, however.

In Scott, secured from St. Paul, Boston has a shortstop sure to stick in the big show. Boston is bound to be stronger than last year.

Detroit, New York, and St. Louis are in the developing stages. Managers Chance, Jennings, and Rickey are making every effort possible to build up their teams through the addition of young blood. All three managers have been decidedly busy looking over a bunch of highly touted youngsters. A show of increased strength by any one of these three clubs must be brought about largely by the developing of players worth while from the recruits.

Manager Rickey of St. Louis, a former collegian, is going in strong for the college athlete. He had something like fifteen college ball players working out at the training camp of the Browns.

Watch the Giants Again

LIKE the Athletics, the New York Giants are constantly bobbing before your eyes when doping out the National League winner. In considering the chances of the Giants, one has always to reckon with the crafty McGraw. Depending on methods almost directly opposite to those employed by Connie Mack,



FOR EASTER

Chocolate as a gift carries a message more clearly than words and as delicately as flowers. Preferences in flowers differ; a box of *Chocolate* is universally appreciated. Its gift is a subtle tribute to good taste.



Each piece of *Chocolate* is made as if our reputation depended on it alone.

Chocolate-covered nuts and fruits, dainty bonbons and creams, little nuggets of flavor—*Chocolate* is the candy word that means deliciousness.

Chocolate Bonbons and Chocolates and many other sweet things from *Chocolate* are sold by *Chocolate* sales agents (leading druggists everywhere) in United States and Canada. If there should be no sales agent near you, please write us.

Stuyler's 64 IRVING PLACE NEW YORK

FRANK DeK. HUYLER, Pres.

Ask for *Chocolate* Cocoa and *Chocolate* at your grocer's



Childhood Forever

Preserve the living actions of your children in

Motion Pictures

which you can project yourself.

Don't let the little smiles and joyous antics of your children become mere memories. Let Hare, the famous staff Photographer of Collier's, catch them in their various moods. How you will enjoy seeing the films in the years to come! Think of the pleasure they will get out of the films when they are grown up and have children of their own.

Projectors \$75.00 and up

JAMES H. HARE
416 W. 13th Street, New York City

Childhood Forever

Collier's, The National Weekly, welcomes *The Advertising Audit Association* just as it has welcomed every honest effort to bring out facts about circulation.

Collier's Circulation by Weeks

Issue	Printing Order	Gross Circ'n	Net Circ'n
January 3	683,000	670,653	660,522
10 (Auto Supp.)	699,000	678,697	670,669
17	705,000	688,996	681,328
24	689,300	679,447	673,003
31	702,600	690,542	684,608
February 7	703,000	695,167	690,516
14	706,000	692,482	685,786
21	706,400	698,398	694,352
28	716,700	707,945	703,878
March 7	723,000	711,333	707,141
14	723,400	719,124	714,911

P. F. Collier & Son, Inc.

H. F. Hare

Advertising Manager



"That Styleplus suit is simply astonishing at \$17!"

To the young man above all, "impression" is a big part of the game—he must look well if he would win. Instinctively he chooses Styleplus Clothes \$17 to give him the "making good" appearance and save him *real* money besides.

Styleplus \$17 Clothes

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

"The name price the world over."

"What is the sense of my paying \$20 to \$25, or even more, for my clothes when I can get suits like these for \$17?" you will say if you visit the Styleplus Store in your town.

"Why not save \$3 to \$8?"

Popular with men of *all* ages and *all* occupations. Style+all wool fabrics. Style+perfect fit. Style+expert workmanship. Style+guaranteed wear.

You can tell a genuine Styleplus by the Label in the coat, the Ticket on the sleeve, and the Guarantee in the pocket.

One leading clothier in nearly every town and city sells Styleplus Clothes. If there should not be a Styleplus store in your town, please write us, and we will refer you to one nearby.

Send for our book, "As Others See You."

HENRY SONNEBORN & CO.

Founded 1849 Baltimore, Md.

 \$2.00 and We'll Ship You This Marvelous Typewriter

Think of it! Only \$2.00 on this great offer. You have full ten days free trial. Our factory price is less than others ask for second-hand machines. Every sale bears our ten year iron clad guarantee. Settlement for the balance can be made on the easiest monthly payments. The first buyer in each locality gets a handsome leatherette carrying case free. Write today. Now. GALESBURG WRITING MACHINE CO., Dept. 190, GALESBURG, ILL.

 **WATER-WEIGHT ROLLER**
DUNHAM
Make it light for soft lawns, heavy for firm soil and full weight for driveways and tennis courts. Empty it for storing away. Roller bearing easy running.

Free Lawn Book

An expert's directions for making, seeding, mowing and rolling the lawn, sent free with our catalog of Dunham Tools.

THE DUNHAM CO.
109 First Ave.,
Berea, O.
47 West St., New York City.

MINT Marks S.O.C.C.D. or C WANTED.
Examine all coins. I pay from \$1 to \$1500 premium on thousands of rare Coins, Mint Marks, Books, Paper Money, Stamps to 1901. Get posted and make money quickly. Illustrated circular free for postage.
VON BERGEN, Dept. S, BOSTON, MASS.

he has been scarcely less successful. McGraw seems to be able to get every ounce of worth out of his ball club. Several times he has been able to win pennants when in my very humble opinion he had nothing but the best ball club—which is some compliment to McGraw.

Much of McGraw's success has been due to the daring policy he insists on when men get on the bases. He makes his players continually take long chances. On top of this his pitching staff compares favorably with any other corps in the National League. You must always give the Giants a look-in with McGraw in charge.

Manager Clarke of Pittsburgh has a big task before him, made all the harder by the desertion of a couple of his stars. In the deal with St. Louis he lost a good southpaw in Robinson and captured a good right-hander in Bob Harmon. Konetich with his batting ability should prove of much aid to the Pirates.

I have already shown how the Phillies were wrecked by the loss of Seaton, Brennan, Doolan, and Knabe. Doolan has a desperate fight ahead to finish fourth.

In Chicago I can see no great uplift. The Cubs lost in Johnny Evers the last of their great old-time infield quartet, and a brainy player of Evers's caliber is a big help to any club. He will be greatly missed, and his absence will leave Hank O'Day a hard assignment to carry through successfully. Yet, despite the fact that the old Cub machine has been wrecked, O'Day has some good material left in people like Archer, Saler, Sweeney, Zimmerman, Phelan, Schulte, and Cheney. These are all grand ball players and will be somewhere around the crest.

The Big Surprise

THE big surprise of the year, in my opinion, will be the Boston Braves. Two years ago this club was a wretched tailender—a tailender apparently beyond repair. Then Stallings took charge. In his first season he lifted the Braves to fifth place. Now it would not surprise me to see him finish third or better. The addition of Johnny Evers to the Braves' infield, coupled with the brilliant Maranville around second, means a hustling club. Evers and Maranville working together should set the National League on fire. Stallings has several youngsters who were under cover last year, but who are now about due. He has a fair pitching staff and a good outfield. And his club will fight to a finish. So keep your eyes on the Braves—the dark horse of the race. Wilbert Robinson should improve Brooklyn's standing and he may even get the Dodgers up around the first division. The best that St. Louis and Cincinnati can do is to battle for last place, as things look now.

But baseball is a game of "ifs." And one or two shifts in luck or a few injuries can overturn everything. Not being able to look into the future, I can only tell you how I think things will happen, not how they will actually take place.

"Well That's Fine!!"



No morning kicks or lost trains for the man who puts a *Gem Damaskeene* blade in his *Gem Damaskeene* frame and shaves—he starts right, looks right and feels right—because his razor is *right*—does this impress you?

GEM DAMASKEENE RAZOR outfit complete with 7 *Gem Damaskeene* Blades, in morocco case, \$1.00. At all up-to-date dealers.



One Dollar Outfit

Gem Cutlery Co., 210-218 Eleventh Ave., New York



These are the plugs

HERE are the original four Bosch Plugs used in the famous Moline-Knight Test held under the supervision of the Automobile Club of America Testing Laboratories, New York City, from Dec. 19, 1913, to Jan. 2, 1914. Official investigation proved them practically perfect after their two weeks, day and night siege.

More than 11,088,000 high tension Bosch sparks passed over the electrodes of each plug without a miss and not an adjustment was made during the entire 336-hour run—that is plug service. These Bosch Plugs worked in a compression 33% higher than found in the average engine. Harder service than would be endured in a continuous tour of 14,700 miles at a speed of over 45 m. p. h. Few motorists would subject a plug to a test like this in three years of hard driving, but those who did, would find Bosch Plugs equal to the trial. Don't buy any old plug—buy Bosch Plugs.

Write for "Locating the Spark Plug," an educational booklet sent free on request.

Be Satisfied

\$1.00 Each in U. S. from your dealer,
Bosch Service Stations or direct

Bosch Magneto Company, New York
222 West 46th Street, New York

160 Service Stations Serve Bosch Users in the U. S. and Canada

Specify Bosch

That Foster Plug Prevents Slipping

CAN'S PAW
ORTHOPEDIC HEELS

make walking safe as well as comfortable—no more slipping on wet sidewalks, pavements or polished floors.

That is why they are worn regularly by thousands who have tried other kinds first.

Comfort Plus Safety

The extra quality of rubber gives a greater resiliency—you walk with a new buoyancy and lightness—and there are no holes in the heel to track mud and dirt.

Have a pair put on your shoes today. 50c. attached—black or tan—all dealers.

FOSTER RUBBER COMPANY
105 Federal Street . . . Boston, Mass.

Originators and Patentees of the Foster Friction Plug which prevents slipping.

EVINRUDE

Make a Motor-Boat of Any Rowboat in Less Than One Minute

Any rowboat will be a motor-boat if you own an Evinrude Detachable Rowboat Motor. It starts with one-twelfth turn of fly-wheel—no cranking, and drives a rowboat 8 miles an hour—a canoe 12 miles. So simple to operate that women and children are "Evinruding" everywhere. Why not get one for your vacation?

The Famous Maxim Silencer

can be applied to either 1913 or 1914 models, and while "Evinrude" has always been practically silent in operation, this addition makes it a veritable triumph. No similar motor can use the Maxim Silencer. It has been added to the already long list as exclusive "Evinrude" features. There are no batteries to carry and it is the only marine motor in the world having a

Built-In Reversible Magneto

This magneto is not affected by rain, waves or even complete submersion. The "Evinrude" is built by the largest manufacturers of rowboat motors in the world. Capacity, 60,000 "Evinrude". Has been adopted by twelve governments, including the U. S. A. Weight about 50 lbs., may be carried like a suit case.

For sale at Hardware and Sporting Goods Dealers Everywhere
Illustrated Catalog Free Upon Request

EVINRUDE MOTOR COMPANY, 160 F Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Branches:
San Francisco, 405 Market Street
Portland, Ore., 106 Fourth Street
Jacksonville, Fla., Ft. of Main St.

DETACHABLE ROW-BOAT-MOTOR

Thoughts That Throb

(Concluded from page 15)

A little later he has only one ache, but he has not improved in health. His one ache is merely all of his former aches run together.

We laugh at spring fever because it is only a temporary, though an acute, affliction. We also laugh at certain moist and fervent portions of this and other countries because of the general disposition of the inhabitants to start on yesterday's work to-morrow. But in these climates spring fever is often chronic and the starch in the human system remains permanently melted, causing a pathetic flabbiness of muscle and will. There are in addition many people who are "born tired." With them it is always spring and their desire to work cannot be detected by the most delicate reaction.

The Government is kind to these afflicted folk, giving vast numbers of them life positions in the bureaus at Washington. But this is at best a makeshift, and is besides too hard on the bureaus. Medical science should focus its attention on chronic spring fever and devise some means of relieving its victims and their victims.

Noses Manicured Here

THE doctors continue to do wonderful things with humanity. Not very long ago some Philadelphia doctors built a new nose for a man who had lost his through some carelessness or other. It was necessary to supply a new nasal bone, so the experts in the human repair shop grafted a finger nail into the nose.

The operation was a complete success until recently, when the patient discovered with pain that the transplanted nail was growing vigorously and cutting off the blood vessels in its course.

This illustrates vividly the perils of modern improvements. The overambi-

tious nose may be properly restrained and then again it may not. Think of having to take your nose around to the manicurist once a week!

The Great National Guessers

THE women voted in Illinois elections this month because the Supreme Court has not yet gotten around to the ratification of the suffrage law as passed by the Legislature. There is a chance that it may later be declared unconstitutional.



tional because a nonexistent county office was mentioned in the bill.

The best lawyers in the State drew this law with the utmost care in the effort to make it constitutional, and the Legislature passed the bill in its constitutional capacity as a law-making body. But of course it was only a guessing contest and no one knows whether the Legislature guessed right or not. Passing laws for a State Supreme Court to review afterward is a good deal like the popular game in which one man says: "Guess a number between one and four." "Three," says the other man promptly, upon which the first man says sadly: "No, you are wrong. I was thinking of two."

Legislatures all over the country are trying to guess the Supreme Court's attitude before they pass their laws. It has become about as hard to pass a really constitutional law in some States as it is to draw up an indictment with the commas in their proper places.

The "Easy" Rich

(Continued from page 10)

to be had in London. He immediately went abroad; found the volume at Quaritch's with a price of 500 guineas (a little over \$2,500) on it. As he stood caressing it with loving hands he felt a bulky presence and the book was wrenched from his grasp. He turned and saw Mr. Morgan holding it. The great man asked the price, looked at the volume, and then growled: "Too much." Then he bounced out.

The broker bargained all afternoon, and the net result was that he got the Walton, a first edition of Spenser's "Faerie Queene," and five other good items for a total of \$12,000.

Several years passed; along came the panic of 1907; the book-buying broker needed \$100,000 in a hurry. So he lifted 250 books out of his collection, packed them off to London, where they realized \$107,000. Now the interesting feature is that at this sale Mr. Morgan bought for exactly \$6,000 the Walton that he had turned down, as heretofore described.

This episode not only shows the vagaries of book buying, but it proves that good books, when well selected, may prove an asset in an emergency. In the same way a discriminating broker, interested in art, sold his collection of American paintings for \$300,000 and saved his firm from disaster after the panic.

The Loss in Security Derelicts

AT his own game the Wall Street man has been an easy mark. You discover this fact when you look at the inventories of estates filed in the Surrogate's office. The strong boxes of some of the most famous captains of capital contain many "cats and dogs," the name given in the Street to worthless securities.

These "cats and dogs" include stocks and bonds in mines, railroads, public service corporations, and companies formed to exploit "epoch-making" devices. Not even the Morgans, the Vanderbilts, the Harrimans, or the Goulds have been exempt from this toll.

In many instances the worthless stuff was foisted on big men by old-time associates. Mr. Morgan, despite his gruffness, was a very generous person. Often a schoolmate would come to him with a subscription list saying: "To oblige an old friend won't you take some of this stock?"

In this way he and many of his colleagues became owners of good-for-nothing stocks.

Most of them forgot all about it; but one had a sense of humor. He had "obliged" many old friends and around each envelope that contained the evidence of this costly kindness he had written the full history of the case. On one, for example, he wrote: "I know this is rotten, but I bought it to oblige a college chum." He was simply anticipating the amazement of posterity in general and his executors in particular.

The question arises: What becomes of all this worthless stuff? It is not always permitted to sleep the sleep that has no resurrection. With a sort of post-mortem commercialism some effort is made to redeem it. Certain men in Wall Street make a business of buying and selling the "cats and dogs." They are in a way the kindlers of defunct financial desires—the most picturesque of all dealers in securities.

The most extensive and perhaps the best known of these brokers has an office on the top floor of a building that stands within the shadow of the Stock Exchange. Here, where the sunlight streams through a dingy skylight, is a mausoleum of dead investment hopes. Housed in battered cardboard boxes, on dusty shelves and in safes are securities that represent the useless outlay of millions of dollars? If they could speak, they would tell a tragic story of broken faith, shattered ambitions, the wreck and ruin of glittering projects. Behind their gorgeous engraving lie the tears and fears and agonies of that long line of men and women all over the country who put their money into the wrong thing.

Speed!



Faster!—Open the throttle—advance the spark—tramp on her tail—one minute to make it!—Easy enough, with a Continental, when you want to get there and get there quick.

Yet the flash of swiftness, or the mad onrush that crashes through the smoke welter of the speedway, is really not the speed that counts; for it is a fever, not an excess of vitality. Continental speed (and this is true of every one of 1914's tens of thousands of Continentals) is that healthy speed which endures; which, as the work calls for it, be it 40 or 50 or 60 or 70 miles an hour, can be depended on for minutes, hours, days, weeks, and years.

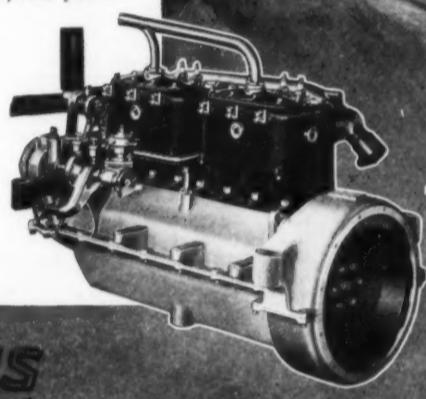
For Speed is the daughter of Power. And unbounded power "is the dominant characteristic of the Continental Motor,"—power within bounds, never creeping near the danger mark, bringing no risk.

Continental speed and power are attained by superior theory, put into better practice. Continental crankshaft bearings are ground to 95% of bearing surface, smoother than a mirror; pistons are bal-

anced to a pennyweight; connecting rods are lightened to a mathematical niceness; valves are seated-in with a faultless exactness; cylinders are polished to a flawless luster.

The foremost technical experts of America and Europe, men of the Continental and allied firms, working for ten years, have made Continental speed possible. Let Continental speed guarantee satisfaction in the car you plan to own.

CONTINENTAL MOTOR MFG. CO., DETROIT, MICH.
Largest exclusive motor builders in the world



The Continental Certainties:
Silence
Power
Speed
Endurance
Economy
Flexibility

Continental Motors

The Prudential

A National Institution of Public Usefulness

Assets, over	323	Million	Dollars
Liabilities (Including Policy Reserve \$260,000,000)	297	Million	Dollars
Capital and Surplus, over	25	Million	Dollars
Amount Set Aside for Holders of Deferred Dividend Policies, over	31	Million	Dollars
Dividends Payable to Policyholders in 1914, over	6½	Million	Dollars
Paid Policyholders during 1913, nearly	34	Million	Dollars
Total Payments to Policyholders, since organization, over	300	Million	Dollars
Number of Policies in Force	12	Million	
Real Estate Mortgages and Farm Loans, over	92	Million	Dollars
Voluntary Concessions Paid Policyholders to date, nearly	18½	Million	Dollars

New Business Paid for during 1913, over **481 Million Dollars**

LOWEST EXPENSE RATE IN THE HISTORY OF THE COMPANY

**Over Two Billion 406 Million Dollars
Life Insurance in Force**

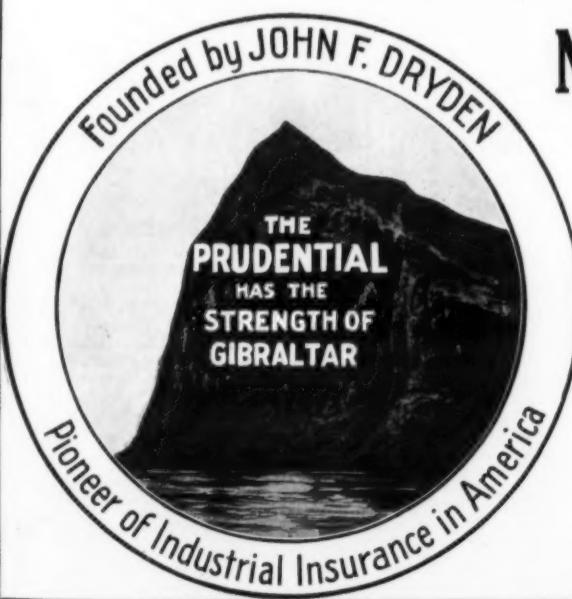
THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE CO., OF AMERICA

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey

FORREST F. DRYDEN, President

Home Office, Newark, N. J.

The Prudential Issues Life Insurance for the Whole Family. Write for Information, Dept. 27



LOOK FOR NAME IN SHOE



The Elite—Velvet Calf—tan or black—Skeleton Lined for "keep cool" comfort.

READY to wear. No "breaking in." There's comfort from the start if you wear Florsheims. High or low toe models—all made over "Natural Shape" lasts. Priced at \$5—and up to \$7.

The Florsheim dealer will show you the season's correct styles.

*Free on Request
"THE SIGN OF CORRECT STYLES"*

The Florsheim Shoe Co.
Chicago, U. S. A.

FOR THE MAN WHO CARES



Prest-O-Lite for Motorcycles

The only reliable lighting system

Prest-O-Lite spells safety—it is absolutely reliable.

It is simple and sturdy. It stands the rough and tumble work, the jolts and the vibration. Has no delicate connections or frail parts.

Your light may snap out suddenly at a critical time, if it depends on a toy storage battery or any other complicated system.

Prest-O-Lite is the most convenient system. Needs practically no attention, has no mysteries, and breeds no troubles.

The first cost is small. The operating expense is no greater than that of a carbide generator, and only one-third to one-fifth that of electric light.

30-Day Free Trial

You can prove all our claims for Prest-O-Lite by our 30-day trial plan. Before buying any other system, insist upon the same kind of a test.

Don't pay for poor light

Any dealer who offers you a combination of equipment, including a poor lighting system, will give you Prest-O-Lite instead, if you insist. And if you know the facts, you will insist. Tear off on the dotted line, write your name and address below and mail it for complete information about motorcycle lighting.

The Prest-O-Lite Co., Inc.,
730 Speedway, Indianapolis, Ind.
(Contributor to Lincoln Highway)

Please send the facts on ALL Lighting Systems to

If you wished to depart from prosaic actuality, you could find in this office a bit of Maeterlinckian symbolism. For the broker in junk securities is also an entomologist. When he cannot sell his useless stocks he mounts butterflies and bugs. Thus the insects whose gorged wings are spread out before him represent the rosy hopes that once lay in the wares he handles; the bugs incarnate the pests that destroyed those hopes.

At one time this broker had securities in his place whose par value represented \$42,000,000. Yet they represented an outlay to him of less than \$5,000. You can buy them from him at the rate of 50 cents a pound. Much of this kind of junk comes from estates that must be closed up. Once, when I happened to be in the office, I saw a large pasteboard box tied with a rough cord. Upon inquiry I found that it contained stocks whose par value was \$12,000,000 and they represented fully half that much in actual investment. Yet a Southern lawyer had offered \$250 for the lot and was coming to get his goods.

Sometimes these junk securities have a Cinderella among their ashes. A mine long abandoned may be reworked with profit or a corporation long dormant may be revived with unexpected capital. Then the stock, sold by the pound, suddenly becomes infused with value. But it seldom happens.

These derelict securities have other uses than merely providing a grab bag for the adventurer in finance. Whenever Wall Street men want to play jokes with stocks or bonds they buy a few pounds of this junk. Here is a story that shows how a batch of it was once used:

A Gold Bond as a Souvenir

A CERTAIN member of the Stock Exchange decided to celebrate the close of a particularly successful fiscal year by giving a dinner at the St. Regis. He invited about fifty people, including all his closest friends and their wives. The date of the party was April 1, a fact which apparently escaped the notice of the guests. After a charming dinner interspersed with vaudeville the host arose and expressed his pleasure over the presence of so many of his friends. Then he added with great solemnity:

"In view of the fact that the gods have been peculiarly good to me these past twelve months, I have decided to give you a more substantial souvenir of this dinner than any recollection that you may be good enough to take away with you."

The head waiter then handed to each guest a beautifully engraved first mortgage 6 per cent gold bond of the Winona and Southwestern Railroad. The coupons had been cut up to April 1 of that year, the next interest date.

Such overwhelming generosity created a profound sensation. "We can't accept," came in a breathless chorus all up and down the table.

"But you must," insisted the host. "Put it away for the children."

The Way the Money Went

THE next morning the telephone tinkled on a dozen bond brokers' desks. A familiar question for a few hours was: "Please quote the market on Winona and Southwestern." The brokers were somewhat dazed, for they had never heard of the road. After much inquiry it developed that it had been sold at sheriff's sale some years before; the bonds were worthless and had been bought by the host from the dealer in junk for 50 cents apiece. His joke was a great success.

A still more practical market for this stuff was from men in bankruptcy. In order to show so-called "bankrupt assets" they bought up a few pounds of worthless securities and then swore that "this is the way the money went."

But whatever its ultimate use, the real meaning of all this mass of worthless securities is that it rears a sad monument to haste, heedlessness and general lack of investigation in the employment of money.

They Watch His Hobbies

THE Wall Street man, however, has no monopoly on being a mark for the unscrupulous or the designing. His rich brother everywhere falls for the same thing and in very much the same way. He may succumb at home, but he is more likely to tumble when he makes his regular visits to New York. He seems to leave his power of discrimination and his sense of value behind.



NABISCO Sugar Wafers

THESE incomparable sweets are the most universally popular of all dessert confections. Whether served at dinner, afternoon tea or any social gathering, Nabisco Sugar Wafers are equally delightful and appropriate. In ten-cent tins; also in twenty-five-cent tins.

ADORA

Another dessert delight. Wafers of pleasing size and form with a bountiful confectionery filling. Another help to the hostess. In ten-cent tins.



NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

\$50 now buys
the \$70

Speedaway Detachable Rowboat Motor

equipped with noiseless under-water exhaust, self-locking tiller and water-cooled cylinder pump.

Backed by a \$500,000 organization and designed by men with twenty-five years experience, **this motor sold at \$70.00 through dealers.**

Our dealers wanted more profit, local advertising appropriations, and other concessions but the manufacturing cost of this \$70.00 motor would not justify the expense so we discontinued our dealers, inaugurated the "Factory to Consumer Plan" and **give you the dealer's profit of \$20.00.**

Send your order now—\$12.50 down, balance C. O. D. and we will reserve your motor for present or future shipment. **You must write now to insure prompt delivery**—Booklet on request.

Speedaway Boat Motor Co.
160 Chicago Street
Freeport, Ill.

Famous Acousticon

You must not confuse the Acousticon with any other instrument. The Acousticon is the instrument you regulate instantly to clearly

Hear Every Sound

near or distant—loud or low, indoors or outdoors, under every conceivable condition. The Acousticon receives the sound by our exclusive direct system and transmits it to your hearing in its original tone. Not blurred—not a single sound is harsh. The Acousticon covers

48 Degrees of Deafness

Unless "stone deaf" the Acousticon enables you to hear every sound—perfectly. Not a theory—not new or untried—but a world-known success for many years.

NO DEPOSIT TEN DAYS FREE TRIAL

Write for Special Limited Offer—no money down—not even a promise to buy. Let us prove the Acousticon is the instrument you must use.

EASY TERMS

Acousticon on easy monthly

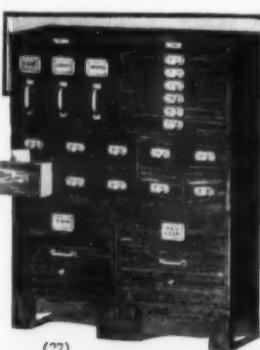
payments before special offer expires.

WRITE now for greater free book of facts for judges and hundreds of others everywhere.

General Acoustic Co.
1330 Candler Bldg., 220 W. 42nd St., New York City



DEAF Now Direct By Mail



An "Allsteel" Private Secretary

Keep all needed letters, cards, blanks, drawings, documents and other records right at your desk for instant reference in strong, beautiful

Allsteel Filing Equipment

Increases your efficiency. You can add and re-arrange sections as needed. You never have to discard it. ALLSTEEL Units all interlock, whatever their shape or purpose. ALLSTEEL protects contents against fire, water, damp weather, rodents, sneak-thieves. ALLSTEEL comprises the most complete line of standard steel equipment in the country. Looks like beautiful wood. Gives more filing space—takes less floor space. Write today for free catalog, illustrated in colors. It will save you money. THE GENERAL FIREPROOFING CO., 305 Legion Av., Youngstown, O. Branches, New York and Chicago—Agencies Everywhere



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Clicquot Club
Pronounced
KLEEK-UH
GINGER ALE

Drink Bubbling Clicquot Club Ginger Ale and Forget That You Are Hot

Let the little beads of carbonic jump up and kiss your face with coolness. Drink it down—it's good and pure as spring water, Jamaica ginger, purest sugar cane, can make it.

At good grocers and druggists.

THE CLICQUOT CLUB CO.
Dept. B, Millis, Mass.
Western Office, Maritime Building, Seattle, Washington, New York Office, The Clicquot Club Co., 100 Hudson St., Chicago Office, 301 North Michigan Ave.

This leads us to a favorite but little heralded game which consists of tapping the out-of-town rich when they are in the big metropolis. By some curious subterranean process of telegraphy the presence of these men becomes instantly known to the horde of business and other sharpers. Before the visitor has had time to hang up his hat his telephone begins to ring, inviting him to meetings or projects to separate him from his cash.

Now the amazing thing about this performance is that the habits and hobbies of many of these millionaires are known to the men who work them. They get the information by reading newspaper and magazine articles, from discharged employees, and by personal investigation.

Access to the rich is gained by various subterfuges. One of the quickest and easiest ways is to impersonate a newspaper man or a member of some fake



The Post-Impressionist's Uncle — "Well, George, that big pitcher yer paintin' is beginnin' to look like sumthin', but, gosh! that little un' down thar is gettin' wuss and wuss all th' time"

committee. Once in the presence of wealth, the sharper's work is over, for, as I have already intimated, the foresight of the shrewdest seems to forsake them when they get to New York. The strongest appeal is to their vanity. It pleases them to be regarded as rich or as patrons of some movement.

A Card Catalogue of Suckers

A GROUP of sharpers had this game down to such a fine point that they had a card catalogue of many of the rich men who came to New York regularly. These visitors were known as "taps," and could always be counted on for some kind of tribute.

On each card was written the man's name, his home address, where he stayed in New York. But most diverting of all was the brief explanation of the particular weakness for which he would fall.

One card had this explanation: "Interested in welfare schemes. Will contribute to any kind of fund for social betterment."

A second one read: "Prides himself on his knowledge of art. Will buy any kind of picture if you flatter him into believing he knows all about it."

A third had this designation: "Strong on uplift. Will contribute to sociological schemes of all kinds."

A fourth: "Immensely vain and easy to land for flattering stuff. Likes to have histories of his family written. Easiest lead is to talk genealogy."

And so it went all up and down the list. It was the biography of a chain of human frailty and weakness that netted the promoters a fortune in a few years. They were able to retire.

Their method of procedure was easy. Knowing just the weakness or hobby or enthusiasm of a man, they approached him on that subject. They easily invented welfare funds and created sociological movements. The easiest was the biography project, for many of the victims did not shy at being "written up." When the card catalogue indicated an "art lover," the sharpers immediately got into league with an unscrupulous dealer who worked off spurious stuff and they divided the profits.

I have in mind the concrete example

Resinol Soap

does more than cleanse the skin

Almost any soap will cleanse the skin and hair and many toilet soaps are pure enough to do it without injuring these delicate textures. But those who want a soap which not only cleanses but actually helps the complexion and hair naturally turn to Resinol Soap.

In every way an exceptionally pleasing toilet soap, the soothing, antiseptic properties which it derives from Resinol Ointment enable it to protect the skin and scalp from annoying afflictions, keep the complexion clear, and the hair rich and lustrous, as soaps which are merely pure and cleansing cannot do. Men especially appreciate Resinol Soap.

All druggists and dealers in toilet goods sell Resinol Soap, twenty-five cents. For a guest-room-size trial cake and a miniature box of Resinol Ointment, write to Dept. 38-C, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol Shaving Stick also contains Resinol, making it most agreeable to men with tender faces. Trial on request.

Best to Wear Anywhere

Essex Rubber Soles and Heels give the greatest satisfaction, no matter what your needs may be. When you buy shoes with soles displaying the Essex Trademark, you know that you are getting the very best grade material combined with the highest standard of workmanship, which is supplemented by expert attaching, all of which permits us to say that

Essex Soles Finish Strongest

last longest—whether used for golfing, yachting, tennis or any other purpose. They are made in hundreds of different styles and are used on shoes of nearly every price.

The confidence of shoe manufacturers in the quality of Essex Rubber Soles and Heels is indicated by the fact that 75% of all the rubber soles and heels worn in the United States bear the Essex Trademark.

You will find them at all progressive shoe stores, department stores, and repair shops. Specify them the next time you buy.

ESSEX RUBBER COMPANY, TRENTON, N. J.
Mfrs. of Essex Rubber Heels and Soft Spot Heel and Arch Cushions

ESSEX YACHTING SOLE AND HEEL

An Everyday Home Helper

When a bit of domestic machinery, like a foodchopper or an ice cream freezer, needs oiling, use 3-in-One. When the sewing machine runs hard because its bearings are dry and gummy with inferior oil and dirt, use 3-in-One.

When furniture is dim and smoky because of long use in close rooms, clean and polish with 3-in-One.

When time comes for sweeping and dusting, use a clean sanitary "dustless duster" made with a cheese cloth and a few drops of 3-in-One.

3-in-One oil

is an "everyday home help." From cellar to garret, from front door to back, there is hardly a spot where it isn't useful. It lubricates. It cleans and polishes. It prevents rust. A consistent and persistent use of 3-in-One makes housekeeping easier.

Sold in drug stores, groceries, hardware and housefurnishing stores; in bottles, 1 oz., 10c; 3 oz., 25c; 8 oz., 50c. Also in Handy Oil Cans 3½ oz., 25c. If your dealer hasn't Handy Oil Cans we will send one by parcel post for 30c. A Library Slip with every bottle.

FREE. Send for a generous free sample and the 3-in-One Dictionary of uses.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO.
42ANW. Broadway, N. Y.

Genuine Panama \$1.00

To prove our wonderful maker-to-wearer values in genuine Panamas, we will send you this genuine imported Panama, like 35,000 kind, but broader, more flexible, durable and comfortably steady blocked; boxed and prepaid for only \$1.00. Not over 3 to a customer. Money back if not pleased. State size. Write today for our free sale catalogue of Mexican and Panama hats, all styles and prices.

FRANCIS E. LESTER CO., Dept. C4H4, Meadville Park, N.M.

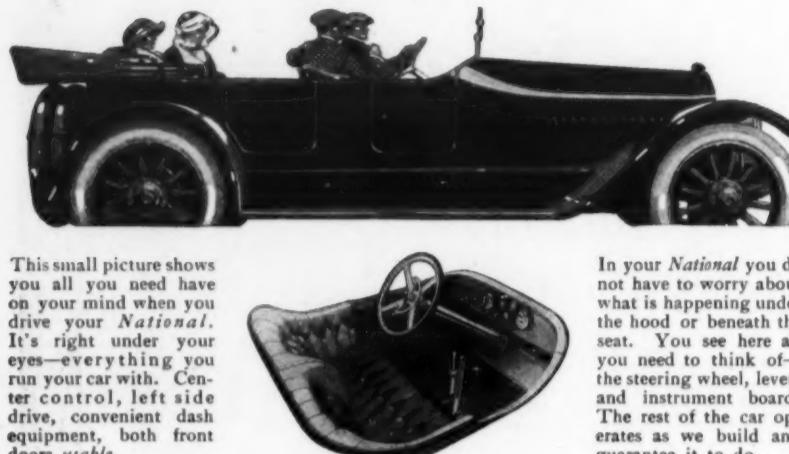
We Trust You!

and furnish everything to start you in this big money business. We send the wonderful Filmless Post Card Camera at once, you pay no later out of pocket. No plates or dark room—a complete studio in itself. Take 5 sizes of post cards; 25 photo buttons.

You can have many weekly "snapshots" people at Fairs, Bathing Houses, Parks, Carnivals. No experience needed; nets you profit on every dime. Write today for FREE catalogue. Filmless Post Card Camera Works 2223 W. 12th St., D. 466, Chicago

National

SIX-\$2375



This small picture shows you all you need have on your mind when you drive your *National*. It's right under your eyes—everything you run your car with. Center control, left side drive, convenient dash equipment, both front doors usable.

Convenience, comfort, confidence

UNLESS you have ridden in or driven this new *National* Six you simply can't realize that our claims for ease of riding, graceful performance and simpleness of operation are not over-enthusiastic. If we told you all that owners say of this beautiful car you would think we exaggerated—but the car is its own proof.

"You don't have to raise the hood."

With your *National* car you buy confidence in its mechanism. Our fourteen years of manufacturing success warrant your putting your faith in our engineering achievements. We put the right thing in the right place; we give you *performance*, which is better than specifications; we give you *results*.

Our reputation and responsibility are built into every *National*. The *National* eliminates worry for you.

Buy a *whole* car. Don't buy parts. All the parts in the *National* work harmoniously as a *unit* of service. We

sell you demonstrated results and back them up. That's why "you don't have to raise the hood." If you don't know where your nearest *National* dealer is, please write us. Write us anyway for our new booklet before you invest in any car.

National 40

This is our staple car—our highest achievement. Proved superior in tests, including International 500-mile race. Five models, \$2750 to \$3400, with still further improvements and refinements. Motor 4½x6; electric starter and lights; a most luxurious and dependable car, The World's Champion.

National Six

The new Six is beautiful, graceful in design, the most comfortable car you ever rode in—roomy, convenient, noiseless. Motor 3½x5½; 132-inch wheelbase, electric starter and lights; left side drive, center control; complete in every detail, full equipment, \$2375.

Write for illustrated catalog.

National Motor Vehicle Company

Department W

Indianapolis, Indiana

Plant the TAPE

It's the Scientific Way
Make Vegetable Gardening Easy

Just unwind American Seedtape from spool and plant as directed. Selected seeds properly spaced in fine paper tape and fastened with glue fertilizer, insure a quick, sturdy growth, because the paper attracts moisture to the already fertilized seed. Sprouts much earlier than seeds planted in soil. Proper spacing means no seed wasted—no thinning out. You save time and back-breaking labor.

Send ONE DOLLAR for 50 ft. each of *White and Red Radish*, *Boston and Curly Lettuce*, *Onion*, *Spinach*, *Beet*, *Turnip*, *Carrot* and *Cabbage* Seeds, 500 ft. in all. Correct planting instructions in each package. Send the dollar now. NO AGENTS.

THE AMERICAN SEEDTAPE CO.
1624 Walnut Avenue
Cleveland, Ohio

Retailers Must Ask—\$45.00 Our Factory Price—\$22.50

Choicest quarter-sawn Oak—54 in. top, closed—90 in. extended. A beautiful, massive design. We're manufacturers—not a mail order, wholesale or jobbing house. We make all our furniture and sell it direct to you at the jobbers' and dealers' profits. It is the famous **MASTER-BUILT FURNITURE**

SHIPPED IN
SECTIONS
ANYONE
CAN PUT IT
TOGETHER
IN 20 MINUTES!

Furniture for every room in the home, club or office. All the furniture we sell has been made to the usual retail prices. Write for big free book.

Brooks Manufacturing Co.
1104 Rust Ave.
Saginaw, Mich.

Dining Table
No. 311

Mother Wasn't Worried

"Not at all anxious. Just pinned my faith to that little wire rope and it got us home just lovely."

Nothing like Baseline Autowline to get you home when your motor won't. Nothing like it to pull a ditched car into the road or a stalled car to the top of a hill.

Baseline Autowline

"The Little Steel Rope With The Big Pull"

makes motorizing more certain. About 25 feet of pencil size, tough, flexible Baseline Autowline rope has coil that goes under a cushion. Ask your supply dealer about it now—before you need it. Sold everywhere. Price, east of Rocky Mountains, \$3.95.

FREE—Free illustrated Autowline circular. Write for it.

Broderick & Bascom Rope Co.
819 N. Second St., St. Louis, Mo. New York Office, 76A Warren St.
Manufacturers of famous Yellow Brand Wire Rope.

of a well-known Western industrial magnate who built up a great fortune in manufacture.

Ordinarily one of the shrewdest of men, he fell for the flimsiest schemes when in New York. He became known as the real "mark" for all projects that led in any way to welfare or social uplift. He could be approached by anyone who had a scheme for the "betterment of humanity," and they usually cashed in on it.

This curious difference in judgment and caution among certain rich men at home and abroad is very much like the difference in the attitude of merchants in and out of Wall Street. The moment they step out of familiar environment the perspective seems to become blurred, the vision distorted.

Caution to the Winds in Wall Street

TAKE the case of a prosperous merchant either uptown in New York or on the main street of any other place. He lays in a stock of goods according to a definite program based on careful diagnosis of crops, climate, and the general trade outlook.

He is satisfied, in the main, with a profit of 10 per cent.

But what happens when that merchant goes south of Vesey Street in New York, across the frontier into the domain of Wall Street? He has stepped from the legitimate channels of merchandising into what appears to him to be the magic realm of speculation. He goes into an atmosphere highly credulous—into what he thinks is the home of quick and easy money. He looks for a 200 per cent profit and he wants it overnight. This is why he loses at the speculative game, or at any of the kindred propositions "to get richer" quick.

If he went into Wall Street and practiced the same investigation, caution, and discrimination that he used in his business, he might get his usual 10 per cent profit. But he takes on a different point of view, and it is his undoing.

For that matter the rich can stay at home and fall for the most gullible of games. Cassie Chadwick proved this when, on the strength of a bundle of old papers labeled "securities" and a note bearing the forged signature of Andrew Carnegie, she was able to borrow immense sums of money and flourish as a social personage until her fraud was discovered.

The people who loaned her hundreds of thousands of dollars did not take the trouble to open the spurious package or get in touch with Mr. Carnegie. Yet these were precautions that the simplest and poorest mind would have ordinarily taken.

It Pays to Investigate

THE rich are often fleeced because the very qualities that are supposed to have made them independent also make them marks for the adventurer.

They are either avaricious or ignorant of the fundamentals of human nature. What seems to be rare judgment in some of them has simply been master luck. Yet they become obsessed with the idea that it is native, and as a result they fall before a superior intelligence.

The whole lesson conveyed by this revelation of the "easy" rich may well go home to every man and woman who invests money or who expects to invest some day.

It means that with the slightest caution and common sense there would be much less trumpery.

It pays to investigate.

Conserve the "Ol' Swimmin' Hole"

By C. J. MANNING

school natatorium that lends itself to poetry with a heart interest. Lads clad in bathing trunks lack the heroic element that went with the lithe, unclothed forms one found in the sunlit verses of a Riley. Locker rooms provide a burglar-proof place for clothing of the swimmer.

Hence, muscles of the jaw are not developed in the solution of knots found in the swimmer's unmentionables. Also, the custom of proceeding homeward in the hiding recesses of a barrel naturally finds a place in folklore of the early Americans.

Store towels assume the swabbing duty performed by the homemade shirt in the "ol' swimmin' hole" days.

YET no poet's voice has been raised in protest!

It is recorded that a prosaic governor of Lebanon built a big wall about the cedars, long famous in verse, to preserve them for unborn ages, possibly for unborn rimesters.

The precedent is a worthy one—one that might even attract the attention of the literary man who lives at the White House, if a campaign to conserve the "ol' swimmin' hole" were to take form under the direction of the Rileys of America.



CHAMPION

This Is The Spark Plug With Which All Overland Cars Are Equipped At The Factory

The "Champion O" was designed especially for this season's Overlands. For Overlands of 1910, '11, '12 and '13, ask for the "Champion Long".

In designing these spark plugs, we were required to take into account every feature of the Overland motor.

Then the factory experts tested, tested and tested, until absolutely sure that "Champions" gave the highest possible efficiency to their motors.

75% of American made cars, including the Ford, Overland, Studebaker, Maxwell and Metz, are being equipped at their factories with specially designed **Champion Spark Plugs**.

The high quality of these plugs comes not only from the use of superior materials, but from our own special manufacturing processes.

"Champions" are oversize. They are built to stand the grief.

Ask for the special $\frac{1}{2}$ inch Champion X for your Ford car. It's 75c. The Overland plug sells at \$1.

Consult with your dealer on this important subject. He will advise you as to the "Champion" you should use for your Motor Car, Motor Truck, Motorcycle, Motor Boat, Aeroplane or Stationary Motor.

(Mention under the Canfield Patent No. 612,701, October 18, 1908)

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG CO.
205 Avondale Ave. Toledo, Ohio
Export Representative, AUTOMOBILE SUPPLIES CO., 18 Broadway, New York.

The House of Collier

HAS OPENINGS

For sons of men who read and believe in The National Weekly.

BOYS

who are desirous of doing work that means self-development can very profitably employ their time two to three days each week. Fathers can encourage thrift and self-reliance in their sons, if they will urge them to write to-day and ask for our plan.

P. F. COLLIER & SON
416 West 13th St. New York City
Junior Sales Dept.

The Shepherd Man

(Concluded from page 11)

and I don't believe he'll be much of a load for Your angels to carry if it isn't too far to heaven. Won't he be surprised to get in? Amen."

There was a long silence. The woman and the young man were crying softly. Then we all got up from our knees. The little old man was asleep with a smile on his lips—the nicest smile, just as if the angels had whispered something in his ears and he wanted to leave us some of it.

The Good Shepherd had one more sheep in His fold.

Praying isn't half as terrifying if you talk natural.

But as the boy put me on his horse he said:

"Much obliged. I know pap was easier. I never heard no preacher pray better. If I could find the little lamb we lost, I'd give it to you."

"Why, father found a lamb yesterday."

"I'm glad," he said, and that's all.

It had stopped raining by the time we reached our cabin. The door flew open. Father came out and helped me off the horse.

"The angels brought us a little boy baby while you were gone."

"Goody, goody! Oh, I'm glad—glad! My, but the angels have been busy! They carried the lamb's mamma and this boy's father to heaven and came back with the baby. I wonder how many-sized baskets God has got? Can't I see them? Mamma I mean."

"Not to-night. It's too late. Dear, you're wringing wet."

"I'll see Susannah before I take off my dress."

SOME one had tenderly covered her by the fireplace. She was sleeping too sound to awaken. Her little curly head and soft wool and helpless look gave me the queerest kind of sad, glad feeling and I just couldn't help saying—I guess 'cause my own mamma was spared:

"Poor little Susannah Wesley! The roses will bloom again. The little brook in the wood back of the mill will dance again; the birds will come again—but your mamma won't!"

COLLIER'S The National Weekly

VOLUME 53 APRIL 11 NUMBER 4

P. F. COLLIER & SON, Incorporated, Publishers

416 West Thirteenth Street, New York City

Robert J. Collier, President; E. C. Patterson, Vice President and General Manager; J. G. Jarrett, Treasurer; Charles E. Miner, Secretary; A. C. G. Hammesfahr, Manager Advertising Department

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St. James Building, Jacksonville, Fla.
A. J. Klinth, Architect
Roofers, Logan Concrete & Eng. Co.,
Jacksonville

For Large Business Buildings

THE St. James Building, Jacksonville, Fla., is built on modern lines. And like almost all first class modern buildings, its 60,000 square feet of roof are covered with a Barrett Specification Roof.

The general acceptance of The Barrett Specification among first class engineers and architects is a highly significant development in the roofing trade. It is a movement which began with the leaders of the profession, who recognized its technical soundness. Accordingly, the inclusion of The Barrett Specification in full in building specifications is rapidly becoming a universal custom.

The Barrett Specification has the advantage of furnishing a uniform and fair basis for competitive bids, together with satisfactory methods for determining the quality of the workmanship and materials on the job. Our own experts are usually available to inspect the contractor's work and certify whether or not the Specification has been strictly complied with.

A Barrett Specification Roof will usually last twenty or more years without a cent's worth of repairs. It takes the base rate of insurance. It gives the most service per dollar, its unit cost being less than a quarter of a cent per foot per year of service. Booklets on request.

Special Note We advise incorporating in plans the full wording of The Barrett Specification, in order to avoid any misunderstanding. If any abbreviated form is desired, however, the following is suggested:

ROOFING—Shall be a Barrett Specification Roof laid as directed in printed Specification, revised August 15, 1911, using the materials specified and subject to the inspection requirement.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Kansas City Cleveland
Cincinnati Minneapolis Pittsburgh Seattle Birmingham
THE PATERSON MFG. CO., Located—Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Sydney, N. S.



At some time in every business that has or desires to have a national appeal, there is a place for straight-to-the-point advertising; in other words, for *classified advertising*.

Classified advertising may be used to distribute your catalogs, to secure salesmen or representatives, to build up a trade by mail, or to sell second-hand or shopworn articles.

Classified advertising becomes most effective when only reliable advertisers are represented. Therefore, Collier's investigates carefully and in so far as possible determines an advertiser's status before accepting him.

Classified advertising in Collier's is especially productive. The net circulation of 712,000 for only \$3.00 a line, can be equaled in few magazines. The Classified Page is superbly displayed and usually opposite reading matter.

A proof of this page and complete information on rates, circulation, etc., gladly furnished on request.

Let us suggest a way in which classified advertising can "put its shoulder" to your wheel.

Collier's Classified Columns

416 West 13th St. New York City

WANTED—RIDER AGENTS

IN EACH TOWN and district to ride and exhibit a sample 1914 Model "Ranger" bicycle furnished by us. Our agents everywhere are making money fast. Write at once for full particulars and special offer.

NO MONEY REQUIRED until you receive and approve of your bicycle. We ship to anyone, anywhere in the U. S. without a cent deposit in advance, prepay freight, and allow **TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL** during which time you may ride the bicycle and "put it to any test you wish. If you are then not perfectly satisfied or do not wish to keep the bicycle you may ship it back to us at our expense and you will not be out one cent.

LOW FACTORY PRICES We furnish the highest grade bicycles it is possible to make at one small profit above actual factory cost. You save \$10 to \$25 middleman's profits by buying direct of us and have the manufacturer's guarantee behind your bicycle. **DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our catalogues and learn our unheard of factory prices and remarkable special offers.**

YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED when you receive our beautiful catalogues and study our superb models, at the wonderfully low prices we can make you. We sell the highest grade bicycles at lower prices than any other factory. We are satisfied with \$1.00 profit above actual factory cost. **RICYCLE DEALERS**, you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at d-able prices. Orders filled the day received.

TIRES, COASTER BRAKE rear wheels, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, ports, repairs and everything in the bicycle line at **half usual prices**.

DO NOT WAIT but write today for our Large Catalogue beautifully illustrated and containing a great fund of interesting matter and useful information. It only costs a postal to get everything. **Write it now.**

MEAD CYCLE CO.

Dept. P-54

CHICAGO, ILL.

You and your family
are *all* protected by the

"SEAL OF PURITY"

It keeps out impurities,
dampness—even the air.

It's absolutely
safe, besides
beneficial and
delicious.

CHEW
IT
AFTER
EVERY
MEAL



BUY IT BY THE BOX

for 85 cents—at most dealers

Each box contains twenty 5 cent packages. They stay fresh until used.

It's *clean, pure, healthful* if it's WRIGLEY'S. Look for the spear.

STANWELD RIMS

A Rim to Remember

STANWELD Demountable Rim Number Sixty is a rim to remember.

If you've ever used it, you can't forget the ease with which you changed casings, and repaired tubes.

The Number Sixty removes the hardest labor of tire-changing and tube-repairing. It eliminates the exasperating exertion of separating the casing from the sides of the rim.

The side-rings of the Number Sixty are endless, smooth, and clean. They prevent rim-cutting of straight-side tires as well as of clincher tires.

The Number Sixty comes off the wheel quick and easy. Two turns of six clamps do the work. Rust and dirt don't hinder the operation.

And when the rim is off the wheel, you can repair the inner tube without ripping, tearing, or pulling the casing off the rim. Just unlock a little toggle-joint with a screw-driver, and pull out the inner band. The side-rings remain on the casing.

Driving to a muddy roadside for an hour, or a half-hour to make tire-changes, is unnecessary—no swearing or sweating with Stanweld Rims.

If you buy a new car, you should get Stanweld Number Sixty Rim-Equipment without extra cost. Or, you can have your old car equipped with Stanweld Number Sixty Rims for a very reasonable sum. Ask for them, and take no chances of not getting what you ask for. The shrewd buyer always investigates first, and sees that he gets what he asks for. Begin your investigation today by writing for our booklet.

The Standard Welding Company

*Pioneers and World's Largest Producers of Rims
for Motor-Driven Vehicles*

Main Office and Factory CLEVELAND

Distributors in principal Cities



The leading makes of pneumatic tires are guaranteed only when applied to rims bearing one of the accompanying inspection marks. You'll find these marks on Stanweld Rims.





The best friend of a hostess is the Victrola

The hostess who has a Victrola never need worry about how the evening will "go".

Is there an awkward moment after the guests leave the dinner table? A Victrola will "break the ice".

Do the young people get tired of general conversation? A Victrola will furnish the latest dance music and set their feet to sliding.

Does someone mention a melody from the latest opera? Let us try it on the Victrola.

Always there is the Victrola—the treasure house of entertainment in reserve—never obtrusive but always ready.

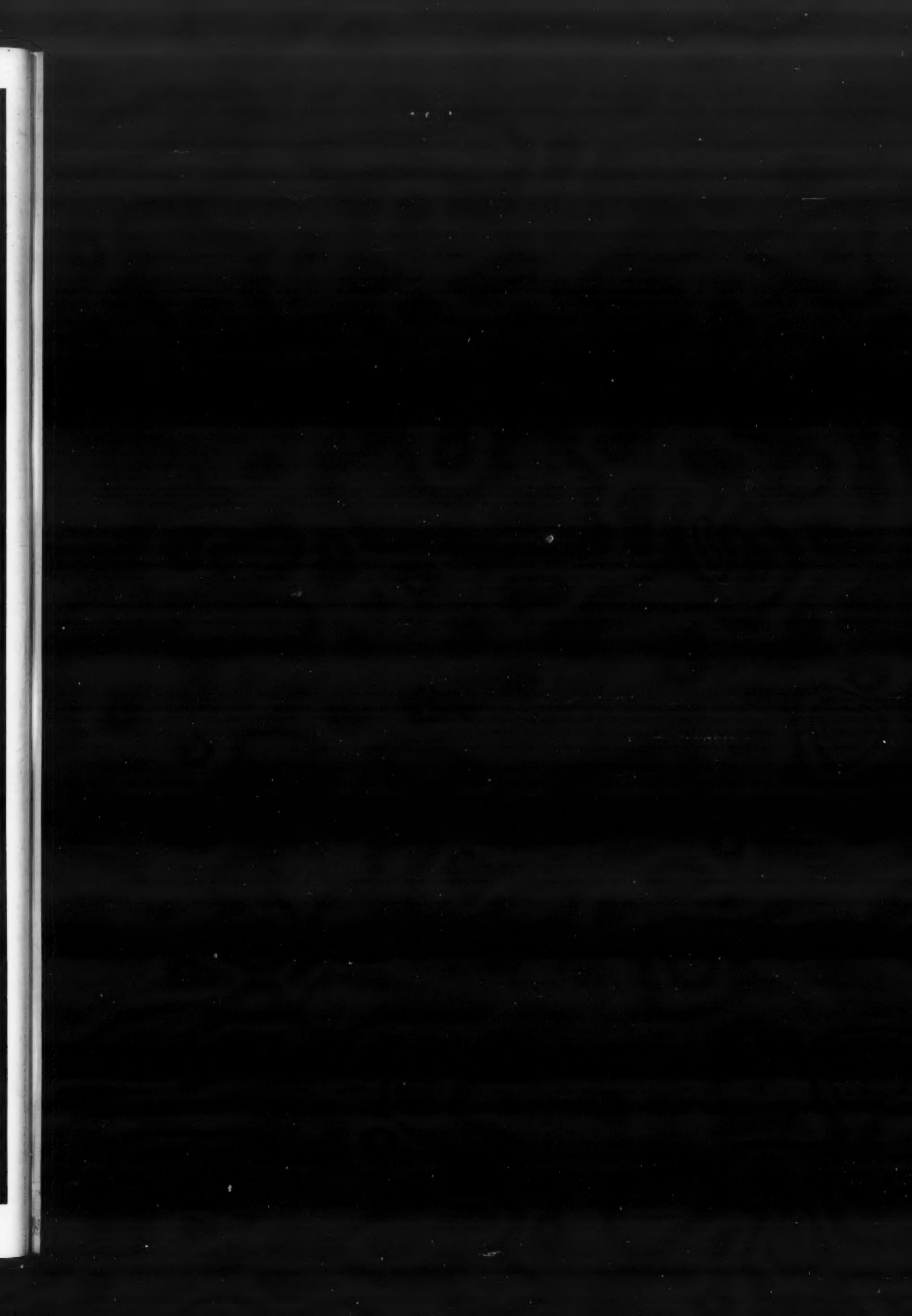
Is your home like this? It might be—so easily.

There are Victors and Victrolas in great variety of styles from \$10 to \$200, and any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly demonstrate them to you.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors





5